McKean County Miner.

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CIVIL COURT PROCEEDINGS OF INTEREST.

A Number of Important Cases Have Been Tried This Week.

ALLEGED LIBEL CASE CONTINUED.

General News of the Court in Brief Form Up to Thursday Morning.

Civil court convened Monday and there was a large attendance. Owing to the death of Hon. T. F. Richmond, one of the attorneys for the defense, the suit in which L. Emery, Jr., seeks to obtain damages from the Derrick Publishing Co. of Oil City, for alleged libel, was continued to next term.

One divorce was granted Monday whereby Mrs. Clara A. Wray is legally separated from Leonard C. Wray.

In the case of the Bradford Building and Loan association against Rocco Carminiti, an opinion of court was filed, discharging exceptions.

In the case of the W. R. Case & Sons Cutlery Co. against the surviving executor of the estate of A. J. Edgell, deceased, judgment was given in the sum of $450.

In the case of Mary McDonald, labor claim, against the administrator of the estate of the late Rev. P. Cosgrove, a non-suit resulted.

In the case of Martin Hickey vs E. R. Caldwell et al., opinion of court filed discharging rule for judgment, non obstante veredicto.

In the case of Laverne Gordinier vs Lillian Gordinier, a subpoena in divorce was allowed.

A petition was filed by residents of Bradford township, asking a rule whereby the City of Bradford, through its mayor, shall be required to give formal notice within three months, as to whether the city shall consent to, or disprove, the annexation of a certain portion of Bradford township to the said city. In this matter Judge Bouton made the following order of court:

"And now, January 20, 1908, the within petition presented in open Court, and upon due consideration it is ordered that the same be filed and notice be given to the Mayor of the City of Bradford, requiring the Councils of the City of Bradford, by ordinance, consent to, or disapprove, the proposed annexation within three months from the date of service of notice on the mayor."

Judge Bouton appointed a committee to draw up suitable resolutions on the death of Hon. T. F. Richmond, to report Feb. 24; the committee to consist of Hon. T. A. Morrison, Rufus B. Stone, F. P. Schoonmaker, Charles W. Catlin and John E. Mullin.

The jury found a verdict for M. & L. Shabacker against the Bradford Produce Co. for $172.80.

In the case of Shaffer and Shaffer vs Lucy Ann Young, a verdict for plaintiff was given in the sum of $175.

Co-Operative Mercantile Co., now for use of Peter Hewitt & Co., vs Jacob Heckel. Verdict for plaintiff, $144.25.

Auguste J. Paris, Jr., vs H. J. James. Stipulation for settlement filed.

Andrew J. Miller vs M. B. Fennessy, A. McGregor and Hugh Grant. Case continued.

In the case of Amos Brown and Euphemia Brown, against the supreme tent of the Knights of the Maccabees, to recover amount of insurance on the life of a son who was killed by a nitro-glycerine explosion, the jury brought in a verdict for the full amount, with interest added, the award being $2,175.33. A motion was made by attorneys for the defense for a new trial, returnable at a date fixed.

In the case of Emma M. Lane vs. Margaret Lane, a verdict for plaintiff was found, with a stipulation as to possession of land by defendant, agreed upon.

The case of the Commercial Jewelry Co. vs. Barney Garbarsky was heard yesterday.

In the case of Benjamin Epstein vs. Marks Rubonovitz, the jury awarded the plaintiff a judgment for $475.54. This case grew out of the defendant's transactions with goods formerly owned by the Temple Clothing Co.

In the case of Mary McDonald vs. James A. McKean, administrator of the estate of Rev. Patrick Cosgrove, a labor claim, a motion was made to show cause why the compulsory non-suit granted should not be stricken off.

For Sale or Rent.

The farm of O. C. Wright on Cole Creek at Wright's Corners is for sale or rent with stock or without stock. For particulars call on or address. O. C. Wright, Farmers Valley, Pa., R. F. D. 1.

Carload of Salt Received.

Geo. W. King of East Smethport announces that he has just received a carload of Colonial Salt, dairy and table grades, and coarse and fine salt in barrels. 3w

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Death of Mrs. Andrew Essensa.

On Thursday, January 16, 1908, at her home in Farmers Valley, occurred the death of Mrs. Anne Essensa, wife of Andrew Essensa, after a severe illness of pneumonia and heart trouble.

Mrs. Essensa was a good Christian woman, who enjoyed the warm regard of the community in which she resided. Her loss is keenly felt as she was ever an earnest worker in kind and charitable proceedings. During her residence in Farmers Valley she endeared herself to the people far more than mere words can express, and during her last illness was the recipient of such loving and tender care from her friends and neighbors, that earned the heartfelt gratitude of the bereaved husband and children. She was a faithful and loving wife and mother, and the people of Farmers Valley will most sincerely join with the MINER in extending sympathy to the loved ones in this, their period of greatest sorrow.

Mrs. Essensa was born in Harvey Station, Canada, July 12, 1856. She was married May 18, 1883. About nine years ago Mr. and Mrs. Essensa and family located at Farmers Valley, where the family have since resided, although for the past two years Mr. Essensa's business interests have kept him in North Carolina most of the time. The death of this estimable woman means the breaking up of the home as Mr. Essensa will return to the South this week taking his two sons, Wesley and Holley, with him. They are the youngest children. Two daughters also are left, Miss Mabel, who teaches the Comes' school in Keating township, and Miss Rachel, employed in a millinery store in Smethport. Mrs. Essensa also leaves five brothers and one sister, none of whom reside in this part of the country.

The funeral services were held Sunday at the U. B. church in Farmers Valley, the Rev. Jerome Smith officiating, and the remains were laid at rest in Smith cemetery.

Death of Albert DeGolier.

Bradford Star: Albert DeGolier died at his home No. 20 Kenney street, at 4 o'clock Sunday morning, aged 76 years, 7 months and 15 days. He was stricken with apoplexy on Thursday, January 9, and death was the outcome of that attack. The end came peacefully.

Mr. DeGolier was born in Keating township, McKean county, June 4, 1831. He became a resident of the Tuna valley at an early age, and lived here ever since, save for six years spent in Iowa in the sixties. He received his education in the district schools of the valley, and although their facilities for imparting knowledge were limited he made the most of them, and by study and reading and observation he became a well-educated man in the broad sense. When a young man he became a school teacher and followed that calling for years. Throughout his life he was much interested in the public school system and its advancement, and was for many years a member of the Bradford school board. In the early days of Bradford he kept a store. He was thrifty and invested his money in land which in later years became valuable city property. After oil was discovered in the valley he embarked, to some extent, in that business. He was also interested in the manufacture of glass bottles, but gave this up several years ago and retired from business. Up to the day of his illness he was a remarkably well preserved man, physically and mentally.

Mr. DeGolier was married in October, 1853, to Elinor Hutchinson, a member of the pioneer family in the valley. He is survived by his wife and the following children: Mrs. S. E. Barrett, of Bradford; C. Fremont DeGolier of Cambridge, O.; Mrs. W. H. Smart, of Philadelphia; Spencer M. DeGolier, of Bradford; Mrs. Herbert A. Lampell, of Boston, Mass., and Mrs. J. C. Davis of Bradford.

Death of A. S. VanDyke.

The death of Abram S. VanDyke, aged 62 years, occurred at the family home, No. 19 Congress street, at 3:15 o'clock Friday afternoon, after an extended illness. Mr. VanDyke was a well known resident of Bradford and vicinity having been employed in the local oil field for many years. Until recently he acted as foreman of tankage for the National Transit company, which position his impaired health compelled him to resign. He is survived by his widow, four sons, Rev. W. E. VanDyke, of Kane; F. G. VanDyke, of Lawrenceville, Ill; L. M. VanDyke and W. A. VanDyke, of Bradford; also one daughter, Mrs. H. M. Campbell, of Tunessessa, N. Y., and a brother and sister, William VanDyke of Irvine, Pa., and Mrs. F. E. Heimann, of Petrolia, Pa. The funeral was held at the house at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, when service were conducted by Rev. W. E. VanDyke, a son of the deceased. Burial in Oak Hill cemetery.—Bradford Record.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Wanted—Salesmen and agents, Salary and commission. Write box 361 DuBois, Pa.

Warlike Preparations.

A Washington dispatch says: Under instructions from President Roosevelt, Secretary of War Taft issued orders for the meeting of a board of officers immediately in West Point to examine the first class in the United States Military Academy so that all of those who are qualified may immediately become officers in the army, without waiting for the regular period of graduation.

This order which has been known in advance in army circles for the last month, follows out the general plan of the government to-day to make war preparations in times of peace. There has never been a period since the Civil war when there was such activity in the army and navy. Powder mills belonging to the government in Delaware will start operations on Monday next and will run at their full capacity for a considerable period. The so-called powder trust, of which Senator DuPont of Delaware is credited with being the head, has received a larger order than was given during the Spanish-American war.

The Japanese naval department presumably does precisely the same thing that the Navy department in Washington does every day, that is, to give out officially word that ships arrive at or leave any given port, but it is learned that great military preparations are now under way in various parts of the Island Kingdom.

Little is known here about the fortifications of forts of Formosa. The only knowledge possible to get is that the Japanese have been constructing in two forts, fortifications that are without parallel so far as the importance of the island is concerned. Representatives of the United States who have tried to get permission from Japan to visit Formosa have been delayed on various pretexts.

Resolutions.

Whereas, in view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our friend and brother, T. F. Richmond, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him, therefore, be it

Resolved, that it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was, in every way, worthy of respect and regard.

Resolved, that we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, that this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the family of our departed friend by the Secretary of this Circle.

LELLIE T. COLEGROVE,
JENNIE EBERSPACHER,
MARY CLARK,
Committee.

Decision Against 2-cent Rate.

In Philadelphia Monday by divided court the Pennsylvania two-cent railroad rate law was declared unconstitutional in the State Supreme court. As the decision's result the Pennsylvania railroad has already announced that it will put into effect the old scale of passenger fare. Four members of the court united in sustaining the lower court which declared the law unconstitutional. Chief Justice Mitchell in handing down the decree said: "The court below availed themselves of the best evidence obtainable and considered it with exemplary patience and care. Their conclusion that the law of 1907 against the complainants would be an injustice to the corporation is beyond doubt a just criticism." Justices Niepersear and Stewart filed dissenting opinions while Justice Potter only gave qualified assent to the majority decision.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON CO.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

LOST—Between McCoy's corners and Andrew Campbell's, a signet ring bearing the initials "E. C. J." Finder will be rewarded by returning same to Mrs. Lottie Arnett at residence of Mrs. A. Digel.

It dependes on the pill you take. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills known for constipation and headache. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

When you want the best, get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for little or big cuts, boils or bruises, and is especially recommended for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

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Shocking Tragedy in Bradford.

Thursday night Bradford was startled by one of the most tragic occurrences in its history. A. M. Chamberlain, aged about 30 years, an electrician in the employ of the Bradford Electric Light Co., shot and killed, Mrs. Jennie Little, aged about thirty, who up to the time of the killing was generally believed to be his wife. Then he turned the revolver upon himself and sent a bullet into his brain. Death was almost instantaneous in both cases.

According to the Bradford Era, from which the particulars of this account are taken, Chamberlain came from his work to the apartments in which the couple lived at No. 68 Forman street about 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon. The woman was not there and no preparations for supper had been made. It is thought that Chamberlain planned the killing from that moment. He secured a 38-calibre revolver from his trunk and started out in search of the woman. He went to East Bradford and to various places in the city where he expected she might be found, but his quest was unsuccessful. He returned to his rooms about 8:30 o'clock. Mrs. Little and her 7-year-old son had returned. She had passed part of the afternoon at a skating rink in East Bradford in company with a young woman and young man, and later had partaken of supper with them at the Opdon House. Mrs. Little was talking with Mrs. Laura Gentry, who occupied rooms in the same house, when Chamberlain entered. He appeared to be angry and walked on past them into the kitchen. "I want you," he said to the woman with much emphasis.

Mrs. Little apparently had no fear of the man as she at once went toward him. Then the other occupants heard a violent altercation in which Chamberlain applied to the woman many offensive epithets. He accused her of being familiar with other men and of neglecting him and the home. Mrs. Little meanwhile, reached the kitchen and approaching the spigot at the sink turned on the water. Her dinner dishes had not yet been washed.

Chamberlain evidently approached very near to the woman as she stood at the sink. He was a left-handed man and taking his revolver in that hand raised it to a point just above and slightly in front of his victim's left ear. He pressed the trigger and the leaden missile inflicted a wound that must have caused death almost instantly. The bullet took a downward course and made an ugly wound.

Mrs. Little fell backward to the floor at Chamberlain's feet. Then as she lay there, he deliberately took aim to make sure that the killing would be complete. He sent a second bullet through the woman's heart.

Chamberlain's next act was to fire the third bullet from his weapon of death into his own brain, selecting a spot near the left ear. He pitched forward under a table in the kitchen and died without a struggle.

There were no eye-witnesses to the killing. After a thorough examination by Coroner E. R. Sherman and the police it was decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

W. J. Stewart of Kane arrived in Bradford Friday and gave out some information concerning the dead couple which was of interest. Stewart stated that Mrs. Little was his daughter and that from her early youth she had been rather wayward. She was married to a man named Frank Little, who now lives at Haddonfield, N. J., and separated from him several years ago. The little boy mentioned in this account, of the double killing, is a son of Mr. Little and the woman. Two other children were born to them and are in the custody of relatives.

Mr. Stewart said, also, that Chamberlain had a wife living in Crawford county, from whom he had never been divorced. For some time Stewart and his daughter had not been on friendly terms, it appears, because of the young woman's actions and the father did not know until Friday that she was living in Bradford with Chamberlain. Mr. Stewart took his grandson, Stewart, home to Kane with him and will provide for the little lad. He also made arrangements for the funeral and burial of his daughter, which occurred Monday, the remains being interred in Oak Hill cemetery, Bradford.

F. J. Falkenburg of Mt. Jewett also came to Bradford Friday and said that Chamberlain was his stepson. He said that Chamberlain was a quiet, sober and well behaved young man, although quick tempered. He believed that the young man was madly infatuated with Mrs. Little. Chamberlain met her in Kane several years ago and the couple had since lived together as man and wife. Mr. Falkenburg took charge of the remains of his stepson and had them shipped to New Richmond, Crawford county, Pa., where they were buried beside his mother's grave.

Closing out sale at store of D. O. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

A terrible and most distressing casualty by which Timothy Daly of Keating township, was literally ground to death, occurred in Olean on Friday afternoon, Feb. 24, 1888. He was walking along the track of the W. N. Y. & P. railroad going east, near the freight depot, when an engine, which was backing up in the same direction, overtook him and the wheels passed over his body almost severing it in twain. The engineer did all in his power to stop the locomotive, but without avail. From the Olean Times of Saturday morning, we gather the following facts in reference to this terrible occurrence: "The unfortunate man had just been paid off by the lumber company, and had on his person about $100. Coroner J. V. D. Coon held an inquest this morning with the following jurors: F. H. Matthews, J. T. Hastings, R. H. Wilber, W. H. Owens, W. F. Burlingame and W. W. Hall. The evidence elicited at the inquest, given below, tells in detail the story of the sad and unfortunate affair. Eugene Hussy, a friend and cousin of the unfortunate man, stated that he came to Olean yesterday in company with Daly, and that he passed the day here. He testified that Daly was about 49 years of age, and that he leaves a wife and one child in Wisconsin with whom, however, he does not live. His father and mother are living near Smethport. Witness saw him last about half an hour before he was killed." Other evidence of a similar character was elicted after which the jury returned the following verdict: "That Timothy Daly came to his death by being run over by engine No. 90, on the W. N. Y. & P. railroad at a place nearly opposite the freight depot of said company in Olean, N. Y., at about 5:20 p. m., Friday, February 24, 1888. We further find that the said railroad company is in no way responsible for his death." Mr. Daly was the son of James Daly, Esq., one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Keating township. The manner of his death was a great shock to all his friends in this vicinity large numbers of whom followed his remains to the grave on Tuesday last.

The marriage is announced of Mr. Roland Beck of Simpson, this county, and Miss Tillie Bangert of DuBois. The happy event occurred at the latter place on Feb. 21, 1888. The accomplished bride was at one time a resident of this county where she is well known. The MINER tenders its congratulations.

Gifford-Weaver.—At the residence of S. G. Gifford, Esq., Smethport, Pa., March 3, 1888, by Rev. C. B. Smith, William S. Gifford of Smethport and Miss Anna B. Weaver of Clermont, Pa.

Barron—At his residence in Keating township, on the second day of March, 1888, Robert Barron, aged 33 years. Mr. Barron was a son-in-law of Michael McElmer, a well-known citizen of Keating township.

It is with pleasure that we extend our congratulations to our old friend J. H. Williams, of Port Allegany, whose marriage is announced to Miss Jessie Henderson, of the same place. The marriage was celebrated on Tuesday, March 6, 1888.

Ford R. Knapp, a former resident of this borough, but now of Elmira N. Y., was married on March 8, 1888, in that city to Mary A. Roy. Ford's many friends in this place extend congratulations.

Both of the victims of George A. Kimball's murderous assault died. Mr. Tomlison passed away on Thursday afternoon, March 8, 1888, and Louis Blich died on the following afternoon. Thus ends a tragedy that has no equal in the annals of attempted bank robberies.

The death is announced of Mrs. Adolphe Cohn (nee Marion Lois Wright) the sad event occurring at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 19. The deceased was a daughter of Margaret E. Wright, the well-known magazine writer, and a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wright, of this borough. About a year ago she was united in marriage to Prof. Adolphe Cohn, of Harvard University. The marriage proved a most happy one in every respect. Mrs. Cohn was a woman of rare accomplishments, and her untimely death will leave a void in the circle in which she moved that will be hard to fill. It will be remembered by some of the readers of the MINER that she spent two weeks with her grandparents in this place during the summer of 1885. She leaves a husband and a baby boy nine days old, and a devoted mother and brother to mourn their irreparable loss. To her aged grandparents who fairly idolized her, the blow comes with almost crushing force, and the sympathies of this community will be with them in their bereavement.

Laurie-Barnes.—At the residence of G. O. Garlick at Kasson, Pa., on Thursday, March 8, 1888, by Rev. T. W. Chandler, assisted by Rev. J. G. Hawkins, William Laurie and Miss Myra G. Barnes, both of Hamlin township.

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He Stole Her Clothing.

Some weeks ago Miss Ida Stayer of Coudersport, while attending a dance in Millport, had her grip containing about sixty dollars worth of wearing apparel, stolen from the parlor of the hotel.

Some days ago when Charles Showers was arrested in Shiggle House on a charge of forgery, Constable Thomas Young made a search of the house, where he lived and found quite a quantity of stolen goods. Included in the bunch was considerable clothing identified as the property of Miss Stayer.—Potter Enterprise.

Death of Mrs. Milo Evans.

After an illness of about one week, Mrs. Milo Evans of Annin Creek died of pneumonia and heart trouble, Jan. 10. Mrs. Evans was 26 years old. The funeral was held in the M. E. church, of which she was a member, the Rev. Miller of Turtle Point officiating. Mrs. Evans leaves a husband and two children—a girl, 8 years old, and a boy, aged 4 years; also a mother, sister and brother, to mourn the loss of one, who we believe has gone to a better world than this.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 18, 1908:

James Bennett, Roy Davis, H. L. Jones, Miss Anna Lansing, Charles Dalton, Mrs. David Stoppy, Miss Rose Sporg (3).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

If a cough once gets into your system it fastens every muscle and fibre of the body and makes you ache all over. It especially affects the intestines and makes you constipated, so in order to get rid of a cold thoroughly and without delay you should not take anything that will tend to constipate. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts upon the bowels and thereby drives the cold out of the system. It contains no opium—it is pleasant to take and is highly recommended for children. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

It is very important, and in fact it is absolutely necessary to health that we give heed to the stomach promptly at the first signs of trouble—which are belching of gas, nausea, sour stomach, headache, irritability and nervousness. These are warnings that the stomach has been mistreated; it is doing too much work and it is demanding help from you. Take something once in a while; especially after meals; something like Kodol For Dyspepsia Indigestion. It will enable your stomach to do its work properly. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble" writes Mrs. Jo. King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. One druggists at last induced me to try your 30 days treatment of Pinoakes for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Every body loves our baby, rosy sweet and warm
With kissy places on her neck and dimples on her arms,
Once she was thin and cross, used to cry with pain—
Mother gave her Cascaswect, now she's well again.

Sunday Hack to Newton.

J. E. Haley announces that he runs a hack to Newton Sunday regularly to meet the 8:13 train on the B. R. & P., and will meet all other trains when notified in advance. Leave word at Haley's livery or C. B. Dickenson's store.

Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't neglect your kidneys. Delays are dangerous. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills afford quick relief for all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.
Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to F. A. McCoy. 46-tf

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 45tf

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic, healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove. 3

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—don't forget the name, and accept no substitute. Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Glenny.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

CHECKING A RUN.

By TAYLOR WHITE

Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Parrella

"Is it true that your father's bank cannot stand the run?" asked Sydney Ware Eunice Whitehead nodded.

"Dad says that he cannot meet the run before the current funds will become exhausted," she said. "That means that the bank will have to be closed down. He is solvent but he sent too much of the currency to town to be put out at the high interest they are paying now."

"The run is only on the savings department," said Sydney. "That should not bother him much."

"It will break his heart," she returned, "if the bank has to close down even for a couple of days. Dr. Dunn ham says that he is afraid it will give father a shock which will leave its permanent imprint on him."

"He can make his home with us if the thing falls," said Ware. "It may be for the best, so far as we are concerned."

"That's what I came to talk to you about," said Eunice gravely. "If the thing falls, and I shall have to give you up, I'm afraid father would never consent to share a home with a Ware and I could not leave him."

"You were willing enough to leave him last week," suggested Sydney.

"That was before the trouble came," she reminded. "Then he had his bank and his friends. If he loses one he will probably lose most of the others, and my place is with him."

Sydney nodded glumly. Thirty years before Joshua Whitehead and Cyrus Ware had been rival suitors for the hand of pretty Nellie Morton. Whitehead had won, and Ware had never forgiven him his victory. Whitehead had then just founded the First National bank of Cherryville, and Ware had drawn his funds from the bank

"SO IT APPEARS THAT YOU ARE GOING AWAY," SAID CYRUS

and had vowed that he would never patronize the institution. Such banking as he had done was transacted through an institution in the next town, but Ware had concocted a distrust for all banks and most of the large fortune which he had accumulated was stored in gold and bills and bonds in the huge vault in the knitting mills, a vault as large and as safe as that in the bank.

But in the second generation the feud was not carried on. Eunice Whitehead and Sydney Ware had fallen in love with each other and, realizing the uselessness of asking parental sanction, had agreed to elope and seek forgiveness afterward.

To Eunice it seemed almost a punishment for her contemplated sin that the run on the bank should have commenced the very day they had set for their interview. Instead of meeting Sydney with her suit case in hand she had come to tell him that her place was by her father in his hour of trouble.

Mrs. Whitehead had died shortly after her little daughter was born, and Eunice had bravely striven to take the place of her gentle mother in her father's house. She could not leave him in his extremity—even for the man she loved.

For awhile they sat on the fallen trunk which formed the seat in their rustic parlor. Vainly Sydney sought to urge the girl to his views, but he could not shake her resolution, and Eunice had just risen to go when there came the sound of some one crashing through the underbrush, and Cyrus Ware came into view.

His eyes flashed as he caught sight of the suit case that Sydney had brought with him, and he turned to his son.

"So it appears that you are going away," said Cyrus. "I suppose that this young woman is to be your companion in your travels. She will need some one to support her now that her father has wrecked his bank."

"He has not wrecked his bank, and I am not going away with Sydney," cried Eunice, with spirit. "Dad is afraid that he cannot meet this run and will have to shut the doors, but he did not wreck the bank. He will be able to pay dollar for dollar. I was going to elope with Sydney, but now my place is by my father's side, and I came to tell Syd that I could not go."

"But you were willing to sneak away like a couple of thieves and be married secretly," taunted Cyrus. "I suppose that the plan was yours and you entangled this boy."

"That is not so," said Sydney hotly. "It has taken me a year and more to persuade Eunice to elope. We knew that there was no use asking either her father or mind, and we did not see why your absurd stubbornness should spoil our happiness."

Cyrus stared at his son. Like most men of domineering personality, he was an admirer of spirit in others. It was the first time that Sydney had ever dared to hold a stand against a parental edict, and he felt a thrill of satisfaction even while he spoke.

"I guess you'll find happiness without having to go to Josh Whitehead's daughter for it," he said harshly. "I want a girl I can recognize as my daughter, not the child of a bank wrecker."

Eunice sprang forward at the taunt.

"You are a nasty wicked old man!" she cried. "You know that you are saying what is not true. I believe that you started this run because you knew that most of the country banks had sent their surplus to the city to take advantage of the money market. It is you who are a bank wrecker. I hate you!"

She stamped her foot to emphasize her words and something in the gesture brought back to Cyrus' memory a far earlier day when those same words were spoken. He and Josh and Nellie had been out nutting three children with no thought of marriage.

He had filled a bird with a stone and had brought it to Nellie, proud of his prowess. Instead of the praise he had expected she turned on him and scolded him for his wanton act. Pauline in her anger was very like her mother, and the whole scene came back to him as vividly as though it had been an occurrence of the very day instead of a reminiscence of forty years and more.

He looked into the eyes that were so like those he had loved in the long ago and partly turned away. For the first time he realized why Whitehead had won. Nellie had admired his gentleness even while she feared Cyrus' toughness. Perhaps after all he, Cyrus, had been more to blame for his loss than had his old-time fellow.

"You two go on with your spooning," he said gruffly, and then could not see that the shrewd gray eyes were filled with tears.

Cyrus stumbled blindly along the half defined path that led to the road. He was living over again his boyhood days, and he found them as much to regret.

There was a howling mob about the bank. The employees of half a dozen big mills had taken the day off to rescue their money from the fancied danger, and they clamored about the doors. As fast as those in the bank obtained their money they were let out and others were admitted. The tellers were paying out as slowly as possible in the hope of being able to tide over the day. On the morrow they might expect help from the city.

Cyrus Ware stamped his way up the steps, the crowd giving way before him. The watchman at the door let him in at once and without explanation. Ware pushed his way into the president's office, where Whitehead, puzzled over long columns of figures.

He did not hear Ware's entrance and not until Cyrus' hand fell upon his shoulder did he look up.

"Josh," he said thickly, "I've been a blamed fool for more years than I care to remember, but that's no sign I've got to keep on to the end of my days. I've got a buggy standing out there in my wagon. I want to open an account."

For a moment Whitehead glanced into the other man's face, and saw in his eyes the mute appeal for reconciliation which Cyrus could not frame in words. Their hands met in a clasp that wiped away the memory of bitter years, and together they went out of the office to where a guard of men stood over the boxes. Already the news that Cyrus Ware was going to deposit had broken the rush, and the crowd had materially lessened.

The two men stood on the step superintending the removal of the currency. Cyrus passed Whitehead a cigar. "I'm glad I've squared up old accounts in opening a new one," he said, with a ponderous effort at carelessness. "You see, our young people are planning to get married."

Repairing Clocks

"Watch repairers have a horror of touching a clock that has been tinkered by amateurs," explained a watch repairer to a reporter, "and they would rather get out of such a job if they can do so—for the loss of one of the smallest parts means considerable work to reproduce it, and much more work than the general customer expects or wants to pay for. They try to get rid of such a job when they can, for in nine cases out of ten the result is not entirely satisfactory. People who have a good clock, unless they know something about the way clocks are made and how they should be taken apart, will do the wise thing to let it alone when it gets out of order. Experimenting with it often means the ruin of the clock. It is absolutely dangerous to try to unwind a mainspring, as men have discovered for themselves unless the proper tools are handy. Now a clock repairer has a contrivance known as a spring controller, which grasps the spring and holds it while being taken out or put into the clock, so that there is no danger. The spring for an eight day clock is often two yards long, and when suddenly let free it flies out with nearly the force of a charge of shot from a gun."

The Wheelbarrow

The farmer's son looked up from the sporting page.

"By heck," he said, "I wish we had one o' them there hossless carriages."

"We have," returned the farmer, "and now that you mention it, you might jest as well git it and fetch up a load o' turnips from the three acre lot."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain—Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

HIS PAPERWEIGHT.

Travels of a Bottle of Wine and Its Ultimate Fate.

A paperweight consisting of a piece of thick glass with a tokay wine label fastened on the back and showing through is a part of the desk furniture in the library of a man who goes to Europe nearly every year. 'People look at the thing,' he said, 'and wonder what the wine label is doing there, and when I see the question coming I always tell the story.

"Some years ago I went to Raab, in Hungary, where I called on an old lady who in Vienna years before had shown much interest in and befriended a young American student at the university. The poor student had grown to be a rich physician, and he wanted me to call and present his compliments. When I was about to leave after a pleasant visit the woman handed me a bottle of wine which had come from her estate and asked me to take it to our mutual friend. I carted that bottle all over Europe, paid duty on it several times and finally landed it safe and sound here in the house. A few days after my return we invited the doctor for dinner and the bottle was brought in with much ceremony. I made a little presentation speech and then fumbled it to the doctor dropped it on the floor where you see that stain. That's the label under the glass."—New York Tribune.

HORSE AND DOG.

Contact With Civilization Lessens Their Cunning and Sagacity.

The dog is no doubt the most intelligent of our domestic animals and I yield to none in my affection for him. I can almost eat and sleep with a fine dog, whip and shoot. But I try not to deceive myself about his intelligence. It seems to me that if the dog had the least spark of wit akin to our own—that is power of reason—his long association with man would have fanned it into flame, however small.

But after all these thousands of years of human companionship and love he has left in some respects as much his wild brothers the fox and the wolf. Having been spared the struggle to live that calls to their lot his cunning and sagacity have deteriorated. The same is true of the horse, which has less intelligence than the wild stallion of the plains and for the same reason.

These animals do not grow wiser as they grow less wild. They do not civilize or develop. We train them into certain ways that make them serviceable to us, we humanize them without adding to their mental capacity. In other words, we cannot graft our intelligence upon theirs and make it fruitful in them. The germ will not take.—John Burroughs in Outing Magazine.

English House Names

House owners are sometimes rather unfortunate in their selection of names for their abodes, and in suburbia house naming is occasionally rather ludicrous. Thus "The Maples" has never a maple near "The Rosary" only exists in imagination, "Sunnyside" is the most depressing villa residence and houses named after the English lakes no more suggest the lake district than Fleet street suggests the Bois de Boulogne.

The Anglo-Saxon word hurst, signifying a forest in wood, has become "hurst" in house naming and "wood" and "holt" have the same meaning. All house names ending with these terminations are pretty and not unapt to choose.

It is curious to note that in Hastings and St. Leonards quite a number of houses have typically Saxon names, perhaps to commemorate the great Saxon tragedy of which the name Hastings is reminiscent.

Pomp of English Mayors

Chichester arms its chief magistrate with a gold mounted mulberry cane of office, while the mayor of Guildford carries the stick presented to the borough by Queen Elizabeth. At York both the lord mayor and lady mayoress are equipped with the silver mounted oak staves which have marked their authority for centuries. Among the official retainers of the mayor of Ripon is the municipal horn blower who every night at 9 o'clock winds three blasts upon this aged musical instrument before the mayor's residence and again at the marked cross.—London Standard.

Hardened

"Listen to this, Maria," said Mr. Stubb as he unrolled his scientific paper. "This article states that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners."

"Gruesome, John," replied Mrs. Stubb with a smile. "I suppose you would call them hardened criminals."

Truthful.

Mark Twain once missed the train which should have taken him to his work. He did not give any excuse. His telegram to his employer took this form: "My train left at 7:20. I arrived at the station at 7:35 and could not catch it."

Lack Right Qualities.

Mrs. Hix—Mrs. June strikes me as being entirely too masculine for a woman. Mrs. Dix—Yes, indeed. Why, every time she has an ache or pain she makes as much fuss about it as a man would.—Smith's Weekly.

Retrenching

"I tell you, they are retrenching."

"But they still have their auto."

"Which they run well within the speed limit. Bah!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies

The Scrap Book

Complimentary

Captain (to ladies, on steamer)—Ladies please do not look so long at the compass your magnetic eyes will spoil the course!

MUTATION

They' talk of short lived pleasure. Be it so
Pain dies as quickly. Sharp, hard tortured pain
Expires and lets her weary prisoners go
The dearest agonies have shortest reign.
And after dreams of horror comes again
The welcome morning with its rays of peace
Oblivion softly wiping out the stain
Makes the strong secret pangs of shame to cease.
Remorse is virtue's root. Its fair increase
Are fruits of innocence and blessedness.
Thus joy's arborne and bound doth still
release.
His young limbs from the chains that
r and him press
Weep not that the world changes. Did it
k op
A stable changeless state 'twere cause in
d d to weep.
—Bryant.

Rumor

Rumor is a common noun singular and feminine gender—except when it is used by stock gamblers to influence the market or by statesmen to influence politics.

Necessity is the grandmother of invention because faith is the child of invention. Considered separately its chief virtues are feminine idleableness and mere white lieableness.

The physical properties of Rumor are unique and interesting. It is more potent than fact, retains its greatest velocity when the right cannot be induced to walk, gains strength on empty stomachs and feeds on credulity. Sleeps with one eye open, gathers strength with use and dust of punctured dropsy.

Rumor is like Santa Claus. We know its general tendencies but not its specific origin. All we know of Rumor is from hearsay. No one has ever been arrested for starting it nor the originator ever is always unwilling to claim it. Rumor is predatory. Its chief quarries are lovers (married or single), preachers, social leaders, policemen, politicians and people. Its bitterest foe is Rumor. Therefore Rumor should always be treated homeopathically. Its motto is: Don't believe half you hear and forget the other half.'—Lippincott's.

Drumming the Drummer.

In the Silver Bow club in Helena they used to play big poker. At the game one day sat Marcus Daly, George Hearst and J. B. Haggin, when there burst in a radiant New York drummer who had a two weeks' card to the institution. He marched up to the players and politely inquired if he might take a hand.

"Why, yes. Come right in," said Daly.

The drummer pulled out a roll of bills and threw a fifty note on the table. "Let me have chips for that," he said grandly. He went to hang up his coat and hat. When he returned the bill still lay on the table.

"What's the matter, gentlemen? Ain't my money good?"

"Why, yes, to be sure," said Daly. Hearst gave the gentleman one white chip.

Rough on the Dictionary

Bills and Irwin took part in a debate on imperialism. His opponent made a point by quoting the definition of empire from the dictionary. Billy nothing daunted with all the air of Patrick Henry rose up and said:

"It is all right for my opponent to quote from the dictionary, but as for me I rely on the facts."—Everybody's.

A Wife's Ready Wit.

A popular clergyman saw a lady about to call whom he was anxious not to meet. So he said to his wife: "I'll run upstairs, my dear, and escape till she goes away."

After about an hour he quietly retreated to the stair landing and listened. All was quiet below. Reassured, he began to descend and called out over the balustrade:

"Well, my dear, you got rid of that old bore at last."

The next instant a voice from below rooted him to the spot. It was the voice of the caller. Then came a response which sounded inexpressibly sweet to him. It was the voice of his wife:

"Yes, dear, she went away over an hour ago. But here is our good friend Mrs. Blank, whom I am sure you want to meet."

The Deacon Was Right

A minister announced to his flock that he would have to leave them, as he was called to another field.

"How much more salary do you expect to get than here?" asked one of the deacons.

"Three hundred dollars," remarked the minister with some hesitation.

"I don't blame you for goin', but you should be more exact in your language. That isn't a 'call,' it's a 'raise'"—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Young Minister's Impression

A young minister was particularly anxious to make a favorable impression on his hearers at his first Sabbath morning service.

In the quietness of his study he suddenly hit upon a plan whereby this end would admirably be accomplished. His text for the following Sunday was, "And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove."

To carry out the minister's great idea the Irish sexton was necessary, and Pat was sent for.

"Now, Patrick," said the minister, "on next Sunday morning I am going to preach a sermon on the text, 'And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove.' I want you to climb up into the belfry and station yourself at the small trapdoor over the center of the church and often if just enough so you can distinctly hear every word I say and still not make yourself seen by any one in the congregation. About the middle of my sermon I shall repeat the text. And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove, and you are to lower a live snow white dove, which I shall give you down through the opening and it will flutter through the air and be the means of making a deep impression on my hearers who will readily see its connection with the text."

On Sunday morning Patrick departed with the dove, even himself deeply impressed with the great originality the young minister had displayed and promising that he would faithfully carry out to the letter every wish.

The congregation was much larger than usual, and all were anxious to hear the young minister who had come to them highly recommended. They were all attention and not a sound was heard except that which proceeded from the mouth of the eloquent speaker.

The middle of the sermon was reached and the text was slowly and distinctly repeated. "And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove." The reverend gentleman lifted his eyes, all hushed expecting to see the beautiful symbol of purity and peace hovering over the heads of his hearers.

But no dove. Pat had evidently forgotten the cue or had failed to hear the minister at the important moment. So the text was repeated this time "in the loights." And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove. He watched his cyebrows a little higher but no dove greeted his vision. He began to grow impatient, and the third time he repeated at the top of his voice: "And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove." This time his eyes looked straight up in a perverted attitude and he was rewarded not by the graceful sway of the dove through the air as he had expected but by the grimy, frightened face of Pat, who in the agony of his failure to carry out his part of the plot blurted out:

"Say yer riverence, yer riverence, the cat eat up the Holy Ghost. Shall Oi shud down the cat?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Asking His Pardon.

While Beckmann, the great comic actor, was playing at Berlin his friends persuaded him one day to imitate Frankel, the journalist and critic. He did it both in looks and manners so well that at the close of the act the audience called for Frankel. The offended critic brought suit, and Beckmann was sentenced to ask the complainant's pardon in the presence of witnesses at the plaintiff's home. At the appointed hour Frankel, surrounded by his family and a number of friends, was awaiting for the penitent. At last the door opened. Beckmann put his head in and asked:

"Does Mr. Maier live here?"

"Oh, no," replied Frankel. "He lives next door."

"Ah, then I beg your pardon!" said Beckmann, who having thus done penance, retreated quickly.

Answered in the Course of Business

"Doctor," said he, "before you put the lid on my conversation will you answer a question?"

"Yes," said the dentist, selecting a square piece of rubber and snipping it with his scissors.

"Do people chew more on one side of the mouth than the other?"

"Sure."

"Which side?"

"The inside," replied the dentist, slipping the rubber over the patient's lips.—Lippincott's.

If Jackson Was Alive

In opposing a resolution in the Missouri house of representatives which provided for an appropriate Jefferson City celebration of the anniversary of New Orleans and the honoring of the memory of Andrew Jackson Representative Murphy of St. Louis spoke:

"Present day Democrats," declared Mr. Murphy, with fine fervor, "have little in common with Andy Jackson. And if Andy Jackson was alive today," Mr. Murphy earnestly concluded, "he would be glad he was dead."

The Kind Captain

Comptroller Metz of New York opposed a certain bill on the ground that it would accomplish nothing.

"That bill," he said, "would effect no more real change than did the kindness of the canal boat captain to the weary actor. After an enforced idleness of two months the actor was offered an engagement in a town twenty-five miles away on condition that he report for work that evening at 7 o'clock.

"Well, he patched up his worn shoes as best he could, pinned up his wardrobe in an old newspaper and set out along the towpath of the canal. But after he had covered some nine or ten miles the poor fellow's boots gave out, and a little farther along, footsore and weary, he gave up in despair and threw himself on the grass by the bank of the canal.

"As he lay there cursing his fate a canal boat hove in sight. The actor was seized with an inspiration.

"'Captain!' he shouted as the boat drew near. 'Pull up, captain! For the love of heaven pull up!'

"'Waal?' inquired the captain as he stopped the boat.

"'Captain,' pleaded the actor, 'I've simply got to get to Quag tonight to play second heavy in "The Pitfalls of Pittsburg." Can't you give me a lift? I'll gladly work my passage.'

"'Right-O,' said the captain, with a kindly nod. 'Lead the mule!'"—Everybody's.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c and $1.00 at Druggists.

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THE BEST PILL SOLD

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to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

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The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

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Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

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A. STURDVEINT

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In, as ever, headquarters for everything kept in a first-class store of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

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HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

What Do They Cure?

The above question is often asked concerning Dr. Pierce's (we modestly add) three "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription."

The answer is that "Golden Medical Discovery," in a most potent alterative or blood purifier, and tonic or invigorator and the strengthening, restorative in a comparatively few cases of the wasting diseases [illegible] as a powerful, yet safe, nutritive tonic, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system, and curing [illegible] skin, scrofulous (as goitre, or "Gland") sores, swellings, (as white swelling), tumors, ulcers or other [illegible] conditions, when [illegible] Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, assisted by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," in advising [illegible] ing ills and ailments. For weak women, over-worked women—no matter what has caused the break-down, "Favorite Prescription" will be found most effective in building up the strength, regulating the womanly functions, subduing pain and bringing about a healthy, vigorous condition of the whole system.

A book of particulars wraps each bottle giving the formulæ of both medicines and quoting what scores of eminent medical authors, whose works are consulted by physicians of all the schools of practice as guides in prescribing, say of each ingredient entering into these medicines.

The words of praise bestowed on the several ingredients entering into Doctor Pierce's medicines by such writers should have more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials, because such men are writing for the guidance of their medical brethren and know whereof they speak.

Both medicines are non-alcoholic, non-secret, and contain no harmful habit-forming drugs, being composed of glycerin extracts of the roots of native, American medicinal forest plants. They are both sold by dealers in medicine. You can't afford to accept as a substitute for one of these medicines of known composition, any secret nostrum.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

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J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—"The Lion and the Mouse" at the Lyceum to-night.

—Attend the basket ball game at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—H. W. Rubin announces a suit and overcoat sale in his ad to-day.

—January clearance bargains are subjects discussed in Fry & Comes' ad to-day.

—Wm. Monheimer advertises a great reduction of suits and overcoats this week.

—Read Daly & Garlick's advertisement this week. It tells how to secure a phonograph on easy payments.

—The label on your MINER keeps you posted regarding the date of your subscription. A large number of subscriptions expire February 1st. Take advantage of the dollar-in-advance rate in renewing.

—The Smethport High School basket ball team was defeated by the Port Allegany team in the latter town last Friday night. The game was a hotly contested one the final score being 28 to 22 in favor of Port.

—A. L. Corwin, editor of the Roulette Recorder, has started a new paper at Oswayo, called the Observer. He now edits three papers in Potter county, having started one at Harrison Valley last year.

—The fires have been turned out in the window glass factory at Port Allegany. Failure of the blowers and gatherers on one side and the flatteners and cutters on the other to agree upon the wage question is given as the reason.

—Martin Gallagher, a popular young man of Roulette, attempted to jump on a moving train a few days ago, missed his footing and fell under the wheels. His left leg was so badly injured that amputation was necessary, and it was taken off just above the knee.

—Henry Gnau, an aged farmer living near Cross Fork, Potter county, was attacked at his home one night last week by three masked men. One of them struck him with a heavy club knocking him senseless to the floor. Then they dragged him outside and ransacked the house in search of money and valuables, but it is believed only secured five dollars. When Mr. Gnau regained consciousness, although in a half-frozen condition, he walked and crawled to Cross Fork and gave the alarm. He is in a very weak condition and his recovery is somewhat doubtful. The robbers have not been captured at this writing, but it thought that Mr. Gnau recognized one of his assailants.

—James Bowes, Sr., died at his home in Eldred Friday last, aged 76 years. He had been ill for several months and his death was caused by Bright's disease. He is survived by one son, James, of Eldred, and two daughters, Mrs. A. H. Kidder of Smethport and Mrs. Samuel Ellis of Andover, N. Y.

—Commissioner John A. Peterson and Engineer Bannon of Bradford, were here Tuesday and made plans for the new iron bridge to be erected at the Clark farm up the river in the spring. This plan is submitted to bridge men and the contract awarded to the lowest bidder.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A Youngstown, Ohio, dispatch says that Albert Servatius, the first baseman of the O. & P. league, who was brought back by Columbus at the end of last season, has been purchased outright by Manager Wright of the Youngstown team. Mr. Servatius, otherwise "Buke," makes Smethport his home during the winter months.

—The St. Charles, one of the oldest and largest hotels in Emporium, was almost entirely destroyed by fire one day last week. The loss is estimated at $10,000 with $3,000 insurance. During the progress of the fire looters plied their vocation and almost everything in the line of eatables and drinkables among the contents of the building was stolen.

—Last Sunday evening parties from Smethport, were bringing a horse to an Eldred man who had made a deal for the same, when the animal turned turtle just a little south of town and was soon beyond reach of human aid. The animal died within a very short distance of its destination, and our local consignee narrowly escaped having a dead "hoss" on him.—Eldred Eagle.

—"Miss Petticoats" entertained a large crowd at the Lyceum last Friday night. The play is a wholesome story of interesting people, although a vein of sadness is prominent throughout the production. Several of the situations are so pathetic as to bring tears, and for people who prefer amusements which make them weep this play's the thing. Of course there is comedy intermingled and taken with the happy ending does much to dispel the gloom. Miss Florine Farr as Agatha Renier (Miss Petticoats) is an actress of considerable ability, and among the other members of the cast are some clever people.

—Mrs. Perry of Tionesta avenue, Kane, was stabbed at about 8 o'clock Friday afternoon by an Italian from whom she was trying to collect a board bill. The man owed the woman the sum of $40 and she asked him to pay her. A quarrel followed and the man drew a razor and slashed Mrs. Perry across the face. Another Italian assisted the assailant to escape. The woman was not seriously injured. A description of the two men was at once sent out and they were captured at Mt. Jewett Saturday morning by Constable Rhinehart of that place, who brought them to the county jail on Monday.

—About 3 o'clock last Sunday afternoon as a small boy named Shafer was walking along the bank of the Allegheny river near West Salamanca, he discovered the body of a man in the stream a short distance from the shore. The corpse was that of an Italian who had been missing about a week. His throat had been cut from ear to ear and his face was badly disfigured. The police are of the opinion that the man was murdered by members of the Black Hand society. Four Italians suspected of knowledge of the crime have been arrested. Later reports say that two of them have confessed to their part in the crime, and will be indicted for murder.

Explosion by Music.

One of the most dangerous of all explosives is a black powder called iodide of nitrogen. When it is dry the slightest touch will often cause it to explode with great violence. There appears to be a certain rate of vibration which this compound cannot resist. In experiments to determine the cause of its extreme explosiveness some damp iodide of nitrogen was rubbed on the strings of a bass viol. It is known that the strings of such an instrument will vibrate when those of a similar instrument having an equal tension are played upon. In this case, after the explosive had become thoroughly dry upon the strings, another bass viol was brought near and the strings sounded. At a certain note the iodide of nitrogen on the prepared instrument exploded. It was found that the explosion occurred only when a rate of vibration of sixty a second was communicated to the prepared strings. Vibration of the G string caused an explosion, while that of the F string had no effect.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Everything in Proportion.

For many weeks the irritable merchant had been riveted to his bed by typhoid fever. Now he was convalescing. He clamored for something to eat, declaring that he was starving.

"Tomorrow you may have something to eat," promised the doctor. The merchant realized that there would be a restraint to his appetite; yet he saw in vision a modest steaming meal placed at his bedside.

"Here is your dinner," said the nurse next day as she gave the glowering patient a spoonful of tapioca pudding, "and the doctor emphasizes that everything else you do must be in the same proportion."

Two hours later the nurse heard a frantic call from the bedchamber.

"Nurse," breathed the man heavily, "I want to do some reading. Bring me a postage stamp."—Harper's Weekly.

Force of a Cyclone.

Careful estimate of the force of a cyclone and the energy required to keep a hurricane in active operation reveals the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of man appear as nothing in comparison. A force equal to more than 400,000,000 horsepower was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This greatly exceeds the power that could be developed by all the means within the range of man's capabilities. Were steam, water, windmills and the strength of all men and animals combined they could not even approach the tremendous force of this mighty power.—Chicago Journal.

Word Derivations.

"Disaster" is an astrological term meaning "unfavorable stat," one of the many words that astrology has bequeathed to the English language. "Predominant," "ill starred," "in the ascendant," are other instances, not to speak of the expression "My stars!" Even "influence" is really astrological, signifying the flowing in upon human affairs of the power of some heavenly body. "Petrel" and "petrol" both descend from "petra," a rock. "Petrol" comes directly enough through "petroleum," rock oil, but "petrel" through St. Peter, after whom the bird was named because it appeared to walk upon the waves.

Beauty in the Angleworm.

If there is any living thing that seems to have nothing to relieve its ugliness it is the angleworm that crawls slimily across the sidewalk after a heavy rain. And yet even that is beautiful. Put a bit of its upper skin under the microscope and your ideas of the poor little worm will change mightily. It shimmers like the softest satin and sparkles with all the colors of the rainbow, for it is covered with little fine lines crossing each other like the cuttings in a glass vase.

The Smooth Handle.

Everything has two handles—one by which it may be borne, another by which it cannot. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold on the affair by the handle of his injustice, for by that it cannot be borne, but rather by the opposite, that he is your brother, that he was brought up with you, and thus you will lay hold on it as it is to be borne.—Epictetus.

His Dream.

The Colonel — Do you believe in dreams? Little Jones—No. I married one!—London Opinion.

Some trains of thought do not carry much freight.—Philadelphia Telegraph

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE DOLLAR.

Its Evolution From the One Time Bleat or Bellow.

The dollar took some rounding. Nor did it formerly ring true, but, much alive, simply gave a bleat or bellow. Cattle, among country folk, at one time constituted this dollar, while primitive man generally made use of any article sufficiently abundant for the standard payment of his tribe.

Thus, in ancient Ireland, a large bronze tripod had the value of a dozen oxen. A good hardworking woman, on the other hand, was given in exchange for only four such beasts.

When metal took the place of money the dollar clung to its traditions, and coins were still called after live stock. Thus "pecunia," applied to metal money, derived its origin from "pecus" (cattle). From the custom of counting heads of cattle came the present designation of a sum in cash—capital or "capita" (heads). In Sanskrit roupa (herd, flock) made roupya or the Indian rupee, while ingots of electrum or admixture of gold and silver when first in use as money bore the impress of an ox or cow.

Not clumsy, but too fragile, were the shells in use as money by the negroes of Africa and throughout ancient Asia, where the natives, taken by its beauty, gave the shell a money value.—R. Holt-Lomax in Harper's Weekly.

THE MINE PACK BURRO.

Information Gleaned by the Newcomer in Camp.

He was a newcomer in the mining camp, and as everything he saw appeared novel and interesting he kept up a rapid fire of questions that seemed mighty foolish to the boys.

The placid little pack burros, mostly ears and voice, pleased him immensely, and he supposed they were kept as pets or else as camp scavengers to nibble the labels from old cans and eat stray newspapers. He came across one packing a wheelbarrow secured on its back with wheel and handles in the air.

"My good man," he asked the owner, "can you tell me why the little donkey is tied to the wheelbarrow in that odd fashion?"

"I shore can, stranger," replied that accommodating individual. "This here Jassix has been acquired by old Whiskey Huggins for a house pet at the Dully Boy mine, an', bein' as the animile is too dellycat' to walk all the way over them rough trails, the old man drives him uphill an' at the summit jes' naturally turns him down the other side. Yessir, it do come hard on old Wahapai, but it's mighty restful for the Jassix."—Success Magazine.

Eating on the Train in Spain.

As even express trains seldom attain a higher rate of speed than twenty-five miles per hour travel is slow and tedious, though fairly comfortable, and to enjoy Spain one must assume the leisurely indifference of the Spaniard to whom manana is always the chosen time. He is wise who carries his own luncheons, and never are dainty tea baskets more indispensable than on these long journeys. Spanish etiquette demands that the traveler before partaking of his food must politely offer it to those who share the compartment with him. It may either be graciously accepted or declined. In no country is it so difficult to travel and to secure information, as but little English is spoken even by important officials.—Travel Magazine.

Not Business.

Two highland farmers met on their way to church.

"Man," said Donald, "I wass wonderin' what you will be askin' for your bit sheep over at your stealin'?"

"Man," replied Dougal, "I wass thinkin' I wad be wantin 50 shullin's for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald, "but, och, man, Dougal, I am awful surprised at you doing business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for 50 shullin's is not business at all. It's just charity."—Dundee Advertiser.

He Had the Name.

She had gone up the scales once, and then she had gone down the scales. Then she had done the same thing over again, after which some one asked:

"In what school of music were you taught?"

Thereupon some one else interrupted in an undertone:

"Judging by the speed, I should say it was a riding school."

And there were many present who deemed the sentiment a good one.

Fair Share.

It was at a theater in Manchester. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud, "On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?" Immediately came a voice from the gallery, "Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'nor?"—London Mail.

The Prodigal Son.

Prodigal—Father, I have come home to die!

"Confound you! Haven't you cost me enough already without adding the expense of a funeral?"—Life.

The Usual Way.

"Say, pop, what's a raffle?"

"A raffle, my son, is where I buy nineteen chances on a diamond ring and the fellow with one chance wins it."—Kansas City Star.

The hardest thing to win in the world is your own self respect.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Index.

Knicker—What is their social standing? Bocker—Do they call it a barn, stable or garage?—New York Sun.

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Origin of Right Handedness.

According to one good authority, Dr. Cunningham of London, right handedness is of great antiquity and was attained in the ordinary evolution of man by natural selection. But the condition does not reside in the right arm itself, for all the evidence goes to show that it is due to functional pre-eminence on the left side of the brain. This superiority of the left brain rests upon some structural foundation, the origin of which is not explained, but which is transmitted from parent to offspring. Left handedness is due to the transference of this structural peculiarity from the left to the right side of the brain or, more probably, to a transposition of the cerebral hemispheres, like that which sometimes occurs in the thoracic and abdominal viscera.

The Blue Laws.

The so called blue laws of Connecticut were the invention of one Samuel Peters, a Tory, who, driven from this country on account of his disloyalty during the Revolution, published in London in 1781 a book entitled "General History of Connecticut" in which the laws in question were set forth. The code of laws which this book contains has been proved to be fabrication. There were no such laws in Connecticut or in any other part of New England.—New York American.

Old Time Mountebanks.

Caryat, describing the mountebanks he saw at Venice in the seventeenth century, who were adepts in the art of advertising, speaks of the "oration to the audience of half an hour long, wherein he doth most hyperbolically extol the virtues of his drugs and confections, though many of them are very counterfeit and false." And the author of a "Tour Through England" (1728) writes of a mountebank he saw in Winchester: "He cures all diseases and sells his packets for sixpence apiece. * * * It is a prodigy how so wise a people as the English are gulled by such pickpockets."

Dealike.

As usual, he complained that the biscuits were heavy, the coffee weak, the bacon burned, and so forth.

His wife in the end looked up calmly from her letters.

"Don't growl so over your breakfast," she said, smiling. "Nobody is going to take it away from you."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Training.

"Why, Nettie," said her mother, "what in the world are you pounding Tom doll with your father's slipper for?"

"Because she refuses to obey me, mamma," replied the little miss. "I'm not going to have the neighbors saying that I spared the slipper and spoiled my child."—Exchange.

GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition. Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Currying, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy.

INVEST IN TIMBER

The Buffalo Timber Company, Incorporated, offer an opportunity for investment unexcelled as to security and increase in value.

The constantly increasing demand and diminishing supply must necessarily advance the value of all good timber enormously.

This Company owns Two Hundred Million Feet of the largest and finest standing timber on the continent.

FIFTY DOLLARS A SHARE

Each and every share of stock is represented by one hundred thousand feet of well located timber, which costs but Fifty cents per thousand feet, making it a safe and sure investment.

Write today for convincing evidence of above facts.

BUFFALO TIMBER COMPANY,
418-420 Prudential Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Lake's

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN.

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

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MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Confectionery

is popular because it is

THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per square, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACHUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1908.

Announcements.

THE MINER is authorized to announce the name of Frank B. Foster of Smethport as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held in April next.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 30, 1907.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner at the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

JOHN A. PETERSON.

Bradford, Jan. 3, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908.

P. D. HOPKINS.

Kane, Jan. 6, 1908.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

OSCAR EXCELTINE.

Smethport, Jan. 7, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

W. L. OYLATT.

East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 7, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

C. W. FREEMAN.

Smethport, Jan. 8, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

W. H. MONTGOMERY.

Smethport, Jan. 15, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce my name as candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN J. MCCARREY.

Annin Township, January 14, 1908.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for an office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

A. M. MARSH.

Bradford Township, Jan. 11, 1908.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April the 11th, 1908.

A. B. ANDERSON.

Clermont, Pa., Jan. 10, 1908.

Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

J. F. DAVIS.

Bradford, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

E. W. JONES.

Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

B. F. STARSKY.

Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

DENOS ARMSTRONG.

Bradford, Jan. 20, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters at the primaries, April 11th.

M. S. COMES.

Keating Township, Jan. 13, 1908.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th.

GEO. W. WILLIAMS.

Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 21, 1908.

AN Ohio man is willing to die in Thaw's place if necessary. He says that he is a physical double of the young man now on trial in New York and an exchange of identities could be easily effected. This self-sacrificing person says that he does not care to live and will gladly go to the electric chair as Thaw's substitute should such an act become necessary. All he wants is $8,000,000 in cash, so as to leave his widow and children in comfortable circumstances.

ONE of Pennsylvania's most noted editors, Charles Emory Smith of the Philadelphia Press, former Minister to Russia and ex-Postmaster General, died suddenly at his home in Philadelphia Sunday, aged about 66 years. Death was caused by heart trouble. He was married a few months ago to Miss Henrietta Nichols of New York. She attended church last Sunday and upon her return home found her husband lying dead across his bed. Mr. Smith's career was a brilliant one. He was a successful editor and was honored a number of times by Republican national administrations.

DENOS ARMSTRONG of Bradford announces himself in this issue as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. He is a highly respected resident of Bradford, a veteran of the Civil war and a member of the G. A. R. His record as a citizen is an admirable one and his business training is of the best. Personally Mr. Armstrong is a pleasing man to meet and his vigorous, but genial, manner makes a very favorable impression upon new acquaintances. He is in every way qualified to fill the position which he seeks and has many old friends and is making new ones who will use their best endeavors in his behalf.

M. S. COMES of Keating township announces his candidacy this week for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries. Mr. Comes is one of the most prominent and progressive farmers of the county, and has passed the 48 years of his life as a resident of this vicinity. He is a man possessed of good commonsense and has served in various township offices in a creditable manner, particularly as Supervisor has he given excellent satisfaction. He possesses all the qualifications necessary in the make-up of a Commissioner and withal is very popular among the voters; therefore, will undoubtedly make a strong candidate at the primaries.

THE announcement of J. F. Davis of Bradford as a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, appears in this issue of the MINER. Mr. Davis has served the county as Sheriff and as Deputy Sheriff and made a most satisfactory official. He is therefore thoroughly acquainted with the duties of the office which he seeks. He is a vigorous man in the prime of life, genial, honest and accommodating and is very popular throughout the county. When these excellent qualifications are taken into consideration, and the fact that he has many friends who think him deserving of the office, it is readily suggested that his showing at the coming primaries will be remarkably strong.

IN its proper place in to-day's MINER will be found the announcement of B. F. Starsky of Smethport as a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision made at the Republican primaries. Mr. Starsky is the present Deputy Prothonotary and is an efficient man in that office. He is a young man with excellent business training and is popular with all who know him. Before entering upon his present employment he was a leading business man of Hazelhurst, in fact, he enjoys a wide acquaintanceship throughout the county and has many friends who will work hard for his nomination. And this is as it should be for Mr. Starsky has been a faithful and tireless worker for the Republican party and it is no more than right that the compliment should be returned, especially as the young man is thoroughly worthy and capable of filling the office which he seeks.

E. W. JONES of Smethport announces himself at the head of these columns as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries next April. At present he holds the office of Constable of Smethport borough and during the term of years he has held that position has won an admirable reputation as a faithful and fearless officer. Mr. Jones has been in a number of situations in the discharge of his duties which would have been very unpleasant to the ordinary person. His personal courage is unquestioned, as there has never yet appeared a criminal no matter how desperate that Mr. Jones was afraid to tackle. He is a thorough business man of wide experience, and aside from conducting an extensive livery business, is engaged in various other lines. He is a good citizen fully qualified in every way to fill the position which he seeks.

HON. GEORGE W. WILLIAMS of Wellsboro, Tioga county, announces his candidacy for State Senator from the 25th district, composed of McKean, Potter and Tioga counties, subject to the decisions of the Republican primaries. Last January Mr. Williams was elected to this position to fill the vacancy made by the death of Hon. Myron Matson, and the record made during the last session is both a credit to himself and his constituents. He was careful and painstaking in performing his duties and was ever mindful of the best interests of the district he represented. He is a man of keen foresight, good business judgment and the utmost integrity, which, coupled with a genial disposition and pleasing manners, makes him an excellent member of the house of this Commonwealth. If the Republicans of this district see fit to nominate him, he will be elected by a big majority and they will be represented in Harrisburg by a man well qualified in every way.

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of C. M. Applebee, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean county upon the estate of C. M. Applebee, late of Coleville, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

T. R. MOORE, Administrator.

Coleville, Pa., R. F. D. 1. December 19, 1907.

ONLY ONE BOY IN THE FAMILY

The mother gives undivided attention to his wardrobe—can afford to spend the requisite amount of time to carefully select his clothes. To such a mother the viewing of our selections is a pleasure.

BOYS' SUITS, $2.50 to $8.00.

BOYS' OVERCOATS, $2 to $7.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street,
BRADFORD, PA.

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

MID-WINTER SALE!

An exceptional opportunity of buying dependable goods at extreme reductions:

1 lot Misses' skirts, worth $3.00, now ..... $ 1.98
1 lot Ladies' skirts, worth $4.50 and $5.00, now 3.00
1 lot Ladies' skirts, worth $5.50 ..... 3.75

GREAT REDUCTIONS ALL ALONG THE LINE OF COATS

1 lot Children's coats 1.75
1 lot Children's heavy flannel coats, lined, to close out at 1.98
1 lot Children's bear skin coats 2.75
1 lot Children's corduroy coats 2.98
1 lot Children's coats, were $6.00, now 4.25
Misses' coats reduced to $4.98 and $7.00.
Ladies' coats reduced from $10.00 to 7.75
Ladies' coats reduced from $15.50 to 10.00
Ladies' coats reduced from $18.50 to 12.50
Ladies' coats reduced from $25.00 to 18.00

SPECIAL PRICES ON FURS
MILLINERY AT COST

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

CUSTOMERS

Naturally the first customers of a Bank will be its directors and stockholders; when those are interested in and who know the organization have shown their confidence by intrusting their business to it, there will be little difficulty in gaining the confidence of the public. But confidence is the first requisite. It is reasonable to expect every stockholder of a Bank to keep in close touch with it and to become a depositor. Theoretically, also, it is reasonable to expect each stockholder and depositor to influence their friends to become customers.

Grange National Bank
of McKean County.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

What do You Know About Mica Canopies

Let me tell you something about them

They will fit any Globe, cost only 10 cents each, save driving nails and hooks in your ceilings to hang Smoke Bells, and will never wear out.

Every one that sees them uses them

LOOK IN MY WINDOW

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK SMETHPORT

The Equitable Life Society

Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me me your name and address.

L. FOSDICK,
Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

Our Suit and Overcoat
SALE
is now on.

IT IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

We have 50 Hart, Shaffner & Marx Suits from $20.00 up, that we are closing out at $14.00 per. Come and look.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

Sole Agents for the Famous

Bartlett & Bowers' Blue Ribbon Coffee.

Every pound guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Call and see us.

Andrews & Scull.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan 35c
Palmer House, 50c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE MIDWINTER OUTING.

This is the time for the midwinter outing. A dash of summer in the midst of winter is an agreeable variation. It makes for health and pleasure and stimulates vitality.

For the extended trip, Southern California, the fruit and flower land of the Pacific Coast, offers unrivalled attractions.

For the fortnight's trip, Florida, the summer garden of the Northern winter, bids you come and enjoy its genial sunshine, its tropical scenes and its out-door life.

For the ten days' outing, Pinehurst, Camden, Aiken, Augusta, Southern Pines and other popular resorts in the pine belt of the Carolinas and Georgia offer many inducements.

For the short trip—the week-end outing—Atlantic City is always attractive. The same breezes that depress the thermometer in summer seem to keep it up in winter. It offers great hotels on the ocean's edge, out-of-door life on land and sea, and a climate full of snap but shorn of the winter severity.

Before deciding on your midwinter outing consult a Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent and get a Pennsylvania Railroad Winter Excursion Book. Whether you select California, Florida, the Carolinas, or Atlantic City, the Pennsylvania Railroad offers a comprehensive train service, reasonable rates and ticketing arrangements, and the best facilities that modern transportation methods can provide.

PHONOGRAPHS ON EASY PAYMENTS.

The best entertainer that can come into your home is an Edison Phonograph. But why an Edison? Because all talking machines sprung from the parent idea which Mr. Edison invented, but the Phonograph which has had his personal care and attention in its development is the Edison. It stands to reason that the man who first discovered that the human voice could be reproduced can today produce the best talking machine. It stands to reason, and is true, that the Edison Phonograph is the most perfect reproducer of all machines.

Hear the New Model play the February records. We carry in stock every Edison Record made.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan 23, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Big attraction at the Lyceum tonight, "The Lion and the Mouse."

—Basket ball at the Lyceum to-morrow night. Port Allegany vs. Smethport.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Stark of Green street, on Tuesday morning, a boy.

—Miss Zela Brasted who has been quite ill for the past week is reported somewhat better.

—One dollar in advance pays for the MINER one year. Lots of new subscribers are coming in. Better add your name to the list.

—A mad dog caused much alarm in Shinglehouse last Saturday. It bit several dogs and thoroughly frightened the people. It was finally shot and killed.

—The Smethport Cut Glass factory is again running full time with an increased force of hands, and the industrial situation in town is consequently improved.

—Attorney V. B. Bouton has been appointed solicitor for the county commissioners, the position having been made vacant by the death of Hon. T. F. Richmond.

—A report says that the Palmer Window Glass company at Shinglehouse has posted notice that the fire will go out under No. 1 tank at their plant there. This will effect about 90 men.

—Invitations will soon be issued for the marriage of Miss Mildred Mae Rice, neice of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Crandall, to Harry Allen Stickel, which will occur at Larabee, February 12, 1908, at high noon.

—Married at Register John B. Eastman's office in the court house last night, by Justice B. L. Knapp, Mr. Frank E. Humphrey of Attica, N. Y., and Miss Caroline L. Torrey of Warsaw, N. Y.

—Delos Armstrong was painfully injured Saturday night while stepping from a trolley car at the junction of Main and Hill streets. He slipped and fell, dislocating his right shoulder. He was also bruised considerably. Dr. Winger has charge of the case.—Bradford Era.

—The primaries Saturday should receive the attention of every Republican voter. The successful candidates for councilmen should be men thoroughly in accord with the proposed paving of Main street.

—Bradford voters are showing much interest in the municipal primaries which will be held Saturday. Tuesday was registration day and 780 names were added to the list of votes making a total registration of 2,602 in the city.

—W. H. Morrison of Smethport has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for sheriff of McKean county. Mr. Morrison is the present deputy sheriff. He is well known in Tioga county and his friends wish him success.—Wellsboro Advocate.

—Mrs. Mary A. Backus sustained a severe fall on a slippery sidewalk last Saturday. She struck heavily upon one arm, injuring the ligaments of the member and suffered much pain as a result. Mrs. Backus' many friends hope that no permanent disability will follow, but that she may soon regain the normal use of the injured arm.

—According to a press dispatch, railroad men on the Erie found the body of an Italian in a box car filled with lumber near Binghamton. It was thought the man had crawled into one end of the car and the sudden stopping and bumping against the loaded car in transit had forced the Italian's life out. From papers found on his body, it was thought that the man belonged in Johnsonburg, Pa.

—Hattie, a young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Sheldon of South street, fell upon a slippery sidewalk Monday afternoon and sustained a fracture of one of her legs, a few inches above the ankle. Dr. Hamilton was called and he reduced the fracture and made the little one as comfortable as possible. The list of accidents due to slippery sidewalks in Smethport this winter is a long one and some of them, like the injury to this little girl, were of a serious nature.

—Next Saturday will be the last day the Shawmut railroad will run trains from Hazelhurst to Mt. Jewett. That part of the road will be abandoned. Although the new schedule has not been announced it is said the passenger run will lay over in St. Marys and make a trip to Olean daily, also making two round trips between Kasson and Hazelhurst. One of the reasons for giving up the switchback between Hazelhurst and Mt. Jewett is the fact that the Shawmut now connects with the B., R. & P. at Brockwayville, with conditions much more favorable to operation than over the grade which will be abandoned.

—The jury in the case of Ora Odell, who was tried at Emporium for murdering his wife last July, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree a few days ago. Last Saturday a motion for a new trial was overruled, the judge stating he thought that the defendant had secured a very fair trial. The sentence of death has been passed upon Odell and this is the first case in Cameron county of a person being sentenced to death.

—The Port Allegany High School basket ball team will be opponents of the local team at the Lyceum to-morrow night. Game called at 8:30 o'clock. The Smethport team was defeated in Port Allegany last Friday night by a single point, which is pretty good evidence that the teams are evenly matched and a lively game may be expected. General admission, 25 cents. Students, 15 cents. The public is urged to patronize this game.

—The charred body of Mrs. Mary Tozier was found in the ruins of her home in Johnsonburg Monday morning, and after the coroner had investigated the matter, a woman named Mary Doody was taken into custody and may be charged with causing the death of the Tozier woman. It is suspected that the woman was murdered and the house set on fire to cover the crime. The dead woman was a notorious character and her house had an evil reputation.

—A Philadelphia oyster supper will be served in the church dining hall, Saturday evening, February 1, by the hotelkeepers, for the benefit of St. Elizabeth's church. Oysters will be served stewed, fried and panned. Frank Weinmann will be chef, assisted by P. S. Curran, and as these gentlemen are well known artists in the culinary line, a treat may be expected. The price is only 25 cents, and the supper should be liberally patronized.

—Orange S. Brown, Republican politician, postmaster and owner of the Gazette and Bulletin at Williamsport, passed away Tuesday morning at the Kenor sanitarium. Diabetes and gangrene caused his death. He had been at the sanitarium since January 7, but during the past four days his condition was such that he was practically unconscious all of the time. His brother, Alfred S. Brown, died in Wellsville, N. Y., Tuesday morning, but Mr. Brown had no knowledge of it.

—Fred S. White, aged 36 years, whose home is in Bradford, killed himself at his boarding place in Olean Tuesday night. He shot himself with a revolver and when occupants of the house rushed to his room they found him dead. He had been employed since last May as a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad. The cause of the tragedy is unknown. White's wife and two children live in Bradford and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William W. White are also residents of that city.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Lehman of Mc Joy, Pa., is 101 years old. One night recently she awoke and found a robber in her room, but was not in the least frightened. She ordered him to get out of the house and he threatened to blow her head off if she made any noise. But the old lady was game and proceeded to call the intruder down in soothing style, finally blowing a whistle which summoned assistance. The robber quickly made his escape and has not since been located, while the ancient heroine is receiving many compliments for the plucky way in which she disposed of him.

—A roller skating rink of which Ed McClure is manager has been opened in the Backus building, opposite the court house. This is the first time in a number of years that Smethport has had a skating rink, but people seem to take to the sport in the same way they did in days of old, although not nearly so generally. When the "craze" was at its height in Smethport three or four rinks did a good business until a mammoth building was erected on the old Bennett House site. As the sport declined in popularity this building became something of a "white elephant" on the hands of its owners and was finally torn down.

Personal Mention.

Wm. Gunsberger of Condersport was in town this week.

J. C. Backus made Port Allegany a business visit yesterday.

Judge and Mrs. T. A. Morrison were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Roswell Erhart of Colegrove visited friends in town this week.

C. J. Parsons of Ormsby made this office a pleasant call this morning.

Mrs. P. E. Brown and son returned Friday from a visit at Mt. Jewett.

Miss Bessie Hurley of Bradford was transacting business in town Friday.

Editor Tom McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald was in town Monday.

Mrs. W. G. Herzog and daughter, Harriet, were visitors in Bradford Saturday last.

Geo. Rindernecht, Harry Wick and J. E. Jones of Bradford were in town Tuesday.

Misses Edith McGuier and Anna Burg attended a dancing party at Mt. Jewett last night.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin departed Friday for Geneva, N. Y., where she will visit her former home.

J. B. Swab of Cyclone called at the MINER office Saturday while transacting business in town.

Andrew McCabe, who is employed at West Line, visited his home in town during the week.

Wm. Campbell of Kinzua was in town this week and made a welcome call at this office Monday.

Mrs. Hamm A. Sprague of Buffalo was in town during the week, a guest of relatives and friends.

T. A. Green of Danbury, Conn., was a guest of his brother, F. A. Green, and family, during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Crandall of Condersport were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Leonard on Thursday.

Mrs. W. E. VanDyke was in town the latter part of last week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCoy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ives and children of Eldred are guests of Mrs. Ives' parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Denning.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce departed Tuesday for Warren where she will visit her mother and sister for about ten days.

Andrew Essenus of North Carolina and daughter, Miss Mable, of Keating township called at the MINER office Tuesday.

Mrs. James McGuier departed Monday for a four or five months' sojourn in the West. She will pass most of the time in California.

H. L. Burlingame of Kasson was in town this week attending to his duties as plaintiff at civil court, and found time to make this office a visit Monday morning.

Miss Marie Schriever, a prominent business woman of Kane, was in town Tuesday and during her stay found time to favor the MINER office with a very pleasant call.

C. L. Douglas of Bradford was transacting business in town this week. Mr. Douglas is a former citizen of Smethport and has many friends who are always glad to see him.

Sheridan Gorton, Jr., of New York city was a guest of his parents in town from Saturday until Monday. He is a former Smethport boy and was kept very busy receiving the greetings of friends during his short visit.

Roy Carter of the U. S. navy, a former resident of Smethport is in town. Roy says that he has been assigned to a submarine boat and thoroughly enjoys sailing under the bounding waves. He also states that he missed the trip around the world with Admiral Evan's squadron by a narrow margin.

W. E. Wilson of Cyclone was a welcome caller at the MINER office this morning. Mr. Wilson occupies an important position with the South Penn Oil company and will soon take a well deserved vacation, when he will visit friends in various parts of the country. He is a popular candidate for the nomination of school director from his district.

Tenderness of the Hanging Judge.

Mr. Justice Hawkins' tenderness for women prisoners was well known. He admitted it, and he had a great dislike of sentencing these poor creatures to death who had been recommended to mercy and would probably be reprieved. On one such occasion the sheriff asked if he was not going to put on the black cap.

"No," he answered, "I am not. I do not intend the poor creature to be hanged, and I am not going to frighten her to death."

Addressing her by name, he said: "Don't pay any attention to what I am going to read. No harm will be done to you. I am sure you did not know in your great trouble and sorrow what you were doing, and I will take care to represent your case so that nothing will harm you in the way of punishment."

He then mumbled over the words of the sentence of death so that the poor creature did not hear them.—London Graphic.

Lobster Fare.

Hungry lobsters in their natural state seldom refuse fish of any kind, whether dead or alive. The favorite bait with fishermen is fresh or stale herring, but even shark meat is used at a pinch. Lobsters also eat small crabs, sea urchins and mussels. Indeed, there are few forms of marine life suitable for food which they refuse. Lobsters sometimes capture fish alive, striking them with the smaller of their two great claws, which for this reason fishermen call the "quick" or "fish" claw, but they will live for a long time, especially when confined without taking any food. If you tether the lobster by the large claws, you will find that, like the muskrat, he will go off some fine morning, leaving only his legs in the trap, for this animal has the remarkable power of "shooting a claw," or amputating its limbs, and, what is still more wonderful, of growing new ones from the stumps left behind.—St. Nicholas.

The Microscope.

There is good reason to believe that the magnifying power of transparent media with convex surfaces was very early known. A convex lens of rock crystal was found by Layard among the ruins of the palace of Nimrud. And it is pretty certain that after the invention of glass hollow spheres blown of that material were commonly used as magnifiers. The perfection of gem cutting shown in ancient gems, especially in those of very minute size, could not have been attained without the use of such aids to the eye, and there can be little doubt that the artificers who could execute those wonderful works could also shape and polish the magnifiers best suited for their own or others' use.—New York American.

BURDICK & SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

JANUARY

Clearance Bargains.

Here's another lot of money savers in desirable goods. We are closing out all odd lots and remnants so that our stocks may be in good condition for our inventory by Feb. 1.

LOOK THE LIST OVER. IT WILL PAY YOU A HANDSOME PROFIT.

3 lb. Rolls Bleached Cotton Batting, full quilt size, reduced from 50c to.....39c

Sofa Cushion Tops, reduced ¼ to ⅓. Now 5c to 38c.

Framed Pictures, reduced ⅓. Now 12½c to $1.88.

Men's Sweaters, High Neck, reduced ⅓, now 50c to $2.25

Women's Fleeced Union Suits, Extra Large sizes only, reduced from 50c to.....39c

SPECIAL CLEARING PRICES ON SKIRTS, FURS, WAISTS, LACES AND EMBROIDERIES, WOOL UNDERWEAR AND DRESS GOODS.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

HON. S. B. HERMAN IS WELL AGAIN

Noted Oregon Statesman Restored to Health on Recent Eastern Trip.

Hon. Samuel B. Herman, distinguished statesman and legislator of Portland, Oregon, who was recently on an eastern trip, is among those strongly in favor of L. T. Cooper, in the discussion over Cooper and his medicines, which has raged for the past year in cities visited by the young man on his educative campaigns, as he calls them.

Cooper was explaining his new theories and medicines to Boston people during the Oregonian's visit to that city, and in a recent interview Mr. Herman said: "My trip east accomplished more for me than I ever believed possible. It has actually been the means of restoring my health. While in Boston I heard a great deal about this man Cooper and his medicines, and one morning I talked with a Boston banker who told me that he had been relieved by Cooper's medicines after ten years' chronic dyspepsia. For the past twenty years I have been a fearful sufferer with nervous dyspepsia. It has been so bad that it all but forced me to resign from the legislature. "I was feeling wretchedly that morning, and I made up my mind to try the medicine. I had seen leading physicians without number both East and West. They had been unable to help me in the least, and I no more believed this Cooper medicine could help me than it could bring a dead man back to life. I really don't know why I bought it. It was like a drowning man clutching at a straw.

"To make a long story short, it has been astonishingly successful in my case. Today I am enjoying a sound stomach and perfect health for the first time in twenty years. I can eat heartily without the slightest inconvenience afterward. I have a fine appetite, and sleep well. I am no longer moody and depressed, and my nervousness has entirely disappeared.

"Any man who has chronic dyspepsia owes it to his family to try this medicine."

In all our experience as druggists, we have never seen anything to surpass the famous Cooper preparations. —McCoy's Drug Store.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

A Great Reduction

SALE

OF

SUITS

—AND—

OVERCOATS

That's all.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Discord and Harmony.

... By NANCY BRENT ...

Copyright, 1902, by F. B. Dolan.

Professor Maurier, lost in the grandeur of "Tannhauser" rendered by himself on the piano, failed to hear the first tap at his studio door. The visitor, evidently realizing how tantalizing it is to stop midway in a feeling of transport, waited until the last note of Wotan's prayer died away, then knocked again and finally by an energetic rattle of the doorknob caused the professor to come back to a realization of things mundane.

"Ah, I was awaiting you, mademoiselle! I was anxious to hear how you sang so beautifully for monsieur the manager."

Edith Garth threw her music roll on the piano and walked over to the fireplace, where the extravagant professor had lighted the gas log.

"I've simply disgraced you," she said miserably, holding the toe of her damp

"YOU MUST GO AGAIN, MADEMOISELLE."

shoe to the blaze with a despairing indifference to the smell of burned leather.

"Impossible! Your voice is most beautiful, and I had taught you the soprano aria you could render it with closed eyes," the professor expostulated.

The girl sat down, hunting vainly for her handkerchief.

"I didn't know what my voice was, but when I tried to sing for that horrid man this afternoon I didn't have any voice of any kind. It wabbled, avoided the tune—did everything—and finally died away in an asthmatic gasp." She found the handkerchief, and it proved to be too small for the demand, a suspicious dampness indicating that it had previously seen much service.

"Ma pauvre petite!" The professor gazed at her perplexedly. "I'll make a cup of strongest tea, bitter as the English and the Americans could wish, for. While we drink it and eat some crackers and a can of the tiniest sardines that I have in the back of the music case you can tell me your depression."

He put the kettle on the alcohol lamp and drew the piano bench in front of the fireplace, spreading a sheet of music for a little cover. The girl dried her eyes furtively, and after the outdoor chill her nerves slowly relaxed by the comforting gas log. She watched him with the amused tolerance a woman has for a man's housekeeping, and when he brought the "Tannhauser" score to put under the teapot she forgot her woe long enough for a faint smile, which the professor quickly observed.

"Ah, you are feeling better even now, and when you have eaten six of the little fish and two of the crackers and ask for a second cup of this well cooked tea you may tell me your story." He arranged three of the prescribed little fish on a cracker and deftly squeezed some lemon juice over them.

"I believe I am equal to three more," she said, selecting an unbroken cracker from the box and holding it while he angled for the sardines. "And now I must tell you what a failure I made. When my voice stopped with that asthmatic gasp, I never was so surprised in my life. I told him I didn't know what was the matter—I'd never had such an attack before. He said he had often had candidates for positions in the choir get so nervous they couldn't sing at first, and for me to rest a few minutes and try again.

"But I thought how hard I had tried for that position as soloist and how hard I had studied with you for the last six months, when the people at home had scrimped and saved to keep me here in the city, and I don't know how I lost my grip, but great big tears commenced running down my cheeks, not nice ladylike tears, but the great big splashy kind that you can't swallow and that a real ladylike handkerchief will not soak up."

She had hung the ladylike handkerchief before the fire to dry, and the big blond professor, who looked more like a Norse sea king than a French teacher of voice, handed it to her, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Perhaps you might find a spot slightly dry," he suggested.

"It's silly of me to start off this way again. The director told me to come again next week and he would hear me—that if I could sing in half the whole-souled way I cried I ought to make good. You ought to be ashamed to laugh at me," reproachfully. "I'll never have the courage to go again, and I'll always be afraid to sing in public now. My voice might act that way again, and I wanted so to make my living by singing."

He leaned toward her and spoke earnestly.

"You must go again, mademoiselle. In my country we always drive a horse back and make him look at the object that has given him the fright. It is so with this nervous terror of yours, petite. It will grow larger day by day until you will be so sensitive you cannot go the solos in the church or the concert. Will you try it again next week?"

"I feel that I couldn't—positively couldn't," she gasped, trembling at the thought of a second fiasco.

The professor got his hat and coat to walk down the street with her to her boarding house.

"I go with you next week, mademoiselle. I play your accompaniment for you. You must forget yourself, and when he hears you sing the place as soloist at St. John's is yours for the accepting. Monsieur the director will implore you to accept."

The next week an elated girl entered the professor's studio. She was not alone. The professor himself threw the roll of music on the piano with a little whoop of enthusiasm.

"Never have you sung so well, and do you not feel glad that the horse that balked was led back to try again?"

"I don't mind being called a horse a bit, I'm so happy," she exclaimed. "You couldn't offend me even if you called me a donkey. And it's you—you—who have done it all. I found out yesterday that you have been teaching me for practically nothing when your other pupils are paying outrageous prices. It was good—so good—of you," and she held out her hands impulsively.

The professor took them in his, and the blueness of his eyes sparkled into hers.

"It was not goodness, petite—it was—happiness."

He led her to the chair by the fireplace and stood looking down at her.

"I have been here so long, petite, in a country where I have not the home feeling. There are five years that I have taught, at first to few, then to many, much; yet, petite, I have not the home feeling. And your voice I loved first, and then you. I wanted to make you succeed so you would not despair and go back to the country before I had the time to try to make you care. Petite, may I go to your country home tomorrow and ask the hand of your mother from madam, your mother?"

The girl laughed softly. "That is not the American style. If you want to settle in America for life don't you think it would be well for you to conform to our customs?"

"And will you tell me the best way?" he pleaded.

"Suppose you should go—not by yourself, but with me—to see my mother, and then"—

"Yes, yes, and then, petite?"

"You might say, 'I love your daughter and—and your daughter loves me—so she has brought me to see my new mother,'" she said, keeping her gaze on the fire.

He knelt beside her and turned her face gently toward him.

"The beautiful home we'll have—and your beautiful voice will be with me always. We go on the early train, the most early train, to see madam, the new mother, mon ange."

When Leap Years End.

In 1582, in the arrangement of the Julian calendar, ten days were dropped so as to get things running on the then new but the present basis of calculating time. So as to keep things running right it was determined that a year ending a century should not be bisextile, except every fourth century. Thus there was no leap year in 1700, 1800 or 1900. It is, or at least was, rather rough on the ladies, who have special advantages in leap year; but, though there will not be many of those who saw 1900 who will see 2000, the latter year, ending a fourth century, will be a leap year. In this way three days are retrenched in four centuries, and the remaining seven days will be made up in a little over 800 years. After that calendar years will be like solar years, and future errors in the calculation of time will occur no more. The loss of leap year will in thousands of years affect the seasons, but I suppose the mathematicians of the centuries hence will be so flip in handling figures and making calculations that they will have no difficulty in keeping things going correctly.—Exchange.

Chinese Aversion to Surgery.

It may occur to many people that they have never seen a Chinaman bereft of an arm, leg or other member of his body. The reason for this is that all orientals maintain a profound objection to surgical operations. Indeed, they much prefer to die rather than to be deprived of a member, because as it is undeniable that they came into the world with two arms, two legs, eight fingers, two thumbs, etc., they must of necessity go out of it with the same number. Otherwise, once on the other side, they might be sent to hunt for a missing member and spend the greater part of eternity in finding it. Perhaps the nearest approach to internal surgery that a Chinese doctor will attempt is to stand on the patient's body and with bare feet move about on the part afflicted. In dentistry the Chinese have reached the discovery that the nerve is a worm, and the best method to treat an aching tooth is to loosen it by driving in wedges in order that the worm may escape.—Chicago Journal.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.)

A NEST HARD TO FIND.

Remarkable and Artistic Home of the Humming Bird.

The home of the humming bird is one of the most remarkable and artistic creations of all bird architecture. It is a tiny, delicate cup, made of the soft and plant down, saddled upon some rather slender branch so deftly that it seems a part thereof. The saliva of the birds is used to compact and secure the material and likewise to coat the exterior with the gray green lichens so generally found upon trees. This makes it so assimilate with the surroundings that it is a very difficult object to discover. And thereby hangs a tale. A gentleman had told me that if I would call upon him he would show me an occupied nest of a humming bird in his orchard. When I came, he was out of town, but I thought I would see if I could not find the nest myself. So I made inspection from tree to tree, and presently the female hummer began to fly about me anxiously. We played a game of hot and cold until it became evident that the nest must be in a certain low apple tree which had many dead, lichen covered branches. Some of these came down nearly to the ground, and for quite a while I stood by the tree, running my eyes along each branch in order, trying to make out the nest, while the female kept darting frantically at my head. It must have been nearly a quarter of an hour before I discovered that I was standing almost touching the nest with my hands, having been looking right over it all the time. It contained two fresh eggs, this being in the early part of June. The branch upon which it was built was completely overgrown with lichens, and the nest, being covered with them, too, was wonderfully disguised, though there were no leaves to hide it.—From "Experiences With Humming Birds," by H. K. Job, in Outing Magazine.

THE SMALLEST SCREWS.

To the Naked Eye They Look Like Specks of Dust.

The smallest screws in the world are those made in watch factories. They are cut from steel wire by a machine but as the chips fall from the knife it looks as if the operator was simply cutting up the wire for his own diversion. One thing is certain—no screws can be seen, and yet a screw is made by every third operation.

The fourth jewel wheel screw is next to invisible to the naked eye resembling a speck of dust. With a glass, however, it can be made out quite distinctly. It has 200 threads to an inch. Those little screws are four one-thousandth of an inch in diameter and the heads are double in size. It has been estimated that an ordinary thimble would hold 100,000 of them.

About 1,000,000 of them are manufactured in the course of a month but no attempt is ever made to count them. In determining the number 10 of them are placed on a very delicate balance and the number of the whole quantity calculated from the weight of these. All the small parts of the watch are counted in this way, probably 50 out of the 120.

When they have been cut the screws are hardened and put into frames about 100 to the frame, heads up. This is done very rapidly, but entirely by the sense of touch instead of by sight so that a blind man with a little experience could perform the task.

The next step in the process is to polish the heads in an automatic machine, 10,000 at a time. The plate on which this is done is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them very rapidly by a reversing motion until they are in perfect condition.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Drama of London's Fog.

There is a whole world of drama bound up in the chronicles of London's fog. This misty and mysterious visitant, far older than Gog or Magog, which used to visit the watches of the night when the metropolis barely lifted itself out of the surrounding marshes, has a fund of comedy as well as tragedy. Countless murders have been committed under its sheltering cloak, men and women have been waylaid, children have been torn from their mothers' and wives from their husbands, but on the other hand there are a few incidents of a less harrowing character.—Strand Magazine.

Curved Spokes.

There is no doubt that an iron wheel with curved spokes is much more attractive to the eye than the ordinary variety, but it is not on account of its appearance that it is constructed in this manner. Wheels that are cast invariably contract a little in the process of cooling, and those made with straight spokes are always liable to crack. The curved variety, by allowing a certain give and take in the metal, avoid this danger.

But It Went.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the magistrate, "for the crime of overspeeding you will pay a fine of $10 or be took to jail for ten days."

"That's not a correct sentence," murmured the prisoner. — Philadelphia Ledger.

The Way to Draw an Elephant.

Little Gladys—Granny, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please. Fond Grandmother—What am I to do that for, my pet? Gladys—'Cause I want to draw an elephant.—Chicago News.

Love of money is the disease which renders us most pitiful and grovelling.—Longinus.

True blessedness consisteth in a good life and a happy death.—Solon.

Do you have backache occasionally, or "stitches" in the side, and sometimes do you feel all tired out, without ambition and without energy? If so, your kidneys are out of order. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They promptly relieve backache, weak back, inflammation of the bladder and weak kidneys. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

JUST A POSTAL.

... By LESTER ROSS ...

Copyright, 1902, by Street Smith.

Jimmy propped the card against the sugar bowl and while he hurriedly ate his breakfast his eyes seldom wandered from the picture. Della, the dining room girl, regarded him scornfully. What was the use of mooning over a picture postal with never a word to tell who it was from?

It was rather a pretty picture, a quiet little town nestling on the bank of a broad stream, but it might have been a love letter from the way Jimmy stared at it. Twice Della had to remind him that he must leave the house by three minutes past 8 in order to catch the last car that would land him at the office on time.

Della knew to a fraction of a second when each of Mrs. Beeman's twoscore boarders must leave. Driggs jestingly called her the "human alarm clock."

Recalled to earth by the second suggestion, Jimmy thrust the card into his breast pocket and sprinted down the street to the corner. Once on the car he took out the card again and had to walk back three blocks because he was carried past the office building still studying the picture.

After all, it was a picture well worth the study, for Arlington was one of the prettiest towns in his native state. Postal cards with local views were something new for the little town. Jimmy could remember the stir which the first illustrated postal received by an Arlingtonian had made. Sarah Coyne, to whom it was addressed, had let the postmistress keep it for a whole week that all might see the curiosity. It had attracted more attention than the first Philippine stamp.

Now it was evident that some summer photographer had taken a picture of Arlington from the hill. Jimmy could almost locate the exact spot where he had often stood. It was over

IT WAS JIMMY WHO STEERED FORWARD.

in the Privin lot, where the boys used to coast in winter. It was too steep for the girls. One could easily run clear to the river on a good polister.

But there was no hint of snow in this picture. The trees that fringed the river bank were in full leaf, the lone willow that grew on the tiny island was draped in green, and Jimmy could fairly smell the mint and the sweet flag in the marsh where the creek through the Newmans' lot formed a confluence with the river.

Somehow it brought Arlington back with startling distinctness. He had supposed that he had forgotten the town in his two hurried years of city life, but with the picture before him it was as though he had just climbed the hill from the little red house that was hidden in the picture by the new brick Methodist church. They were just finishing the steeple when he had come away. Now it proudly reared its head above all the other buildings.

Jimmy turned the card over and regarded its face. The blurred postmark seemed like an old friend. He could look through the glass partition where the boxes were empty, down in the corner nearest the drug store, and see Emma Sherman industriously stamping the mail.

He could hear the double thud as she struck first a letter and then the ink pad. He could hear the comments of the men waiting for the mail to be sorted. He could even see the recruiting poster with its gaudy pictures of uniformed soldiers, a glory of blue and red and yellow, in the midst of the more somber bills announcing auction sales and the prim handwriting of the notice of the social of the Ladies' Aid society.

But, most of all, the neat writing of the address held his thoughts. It needed no signature to tell him the name of the sender. Only Bessie Brewster wrote like that. He recalled the long, happy years when they two had planned to seek the city together. He was assured of a position through his uncle's influence, and Bessie would keep house for him and perhaps in time be able to write for the magazines. The Arlington Times had used some of her stories and had called editorial attention to them.

It had all been a glorious dream, but Bessie's mother had died, and when they graduated from high school and

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

he spoke of going to the city she hadgently said that her duty was to stay for her invalid father.

He had used the argument that her great duty was toward herself, but she thrust the idea from her, and in the end he had flung away from her, declaring that she did not love him, else she would see that he had greater rights than her father, for whom she had worked all the best years of her life.

He had not written after that, not even to tell of his success. This was the first time he had seen her hand writing since he had left Arlington and his eyes grew soft as he studied the chirography. Then his chief entered the office, and Jimmy had to bend to his work.

But thoughts of Arlington were strangely mixed with the details of accounts, and when the noon hour came he sought an interview with the head of his room. The latter was looking for an opening for a cousin and was glad enough to let Jimmy go without the usual two weeks' wait. Three days later Jimmy was in Arlington.

His first call was on the Brewsters but the fair maid told him that Miss Bessie had gone to town for a shopping tour and would not be back until evening. When the evening train rolled up to the little platform and Bessie descended from the car steps her arms loaded with bundles, it was Jimmy who stepped forward to relieve her of her burden and who guided her through the little knot of station loungers.

"You are back for a visit?" asked Bessie when they had cleared the crowd. Jimmy shook his head.

"I came because of your postal," he explained. "It made me homesick, and I just had to come."

"I'm sorry"— she began, but Jimmy stopped her.

"I'm not," he declared. "I'm glad. I never was so glad about anything before. It was like a message that I had to answer."

"But now it may make you only dissatisfied to go back," cried the girl.

"That's just the beauty of it all," explained Jimmy. "I'm not going back. I guess Arlington's a big enough place for me to stay in, especially—"

"Especially?" she repeated as Jimmy paused.

"Look here," he said, speaking rapidly and with a voice that betrayed the intensity of his feelings, "I know I don't deserve to be permitted to speak to you after the way I acted about your staying here when I wanted you to marry me and go to town, I've forgotten all right even to see you, but if you could only know the time I've put in since! I got that card you'd be sorry for me, even if I did act like a brute. You were right, Bess, in staying with your father. I was all wrong. But I am sorry. Do you think that perhaps some time we might be friends—good friends—once more?"

"We are friends now," said Bessie softly, "else you would not be walking with me."

"I don't mean that," objected Jimmy. "It's not just friendship I ask. It is something more. I want a chance to regain your love. Do you think that there would be a chance for me in time?"

Something in his tones told the girl of his sincerity and his loneliness. He had hurt her cruelly in those old days, but she had felt sure that he would come back to her. Her face grew softer as she laid a hand upon his arm.

"Wait, Jim?" she asked. "You have learned your lesson."

The bundles fell to the hard packed snow as Jimmy rapturously caught her in his arms. As he recovered the bundles one crushed under his grasp and there was the tinkle of broken glass.

Bess gave a cry of dismay.

"You've broken the lamp I bought for the parlor," she reproached.

Jimmy laughed happily. "I'll buy a dozen lamps for the parlor—our parlor," he promised recklessly.

Thackeray and the Scotch.

A glimpse of Thackeray is given in "Memoirs of a London Club," by David Masson.

At all our meetings at the Garrick and at Our club Thackeray always seemed to me, in spite of his light humor and his habitual nickname of "Thack" among his friends, to be a man apart, a sad and highly sensitive man, a man with whom nobody could take a liberty.

It was at one of the larger dinners of Our club—it may have been a Shakespeare birthday dinner about the year 1860—that I chanced to sit next to Thackeray, and in the intervals of the speeches we had a good deal of quiet talk. But in Our club gatherings there was often a lapse into what we called the "war of the nationalities," which consisted of good humored mutual chaff and banter between the English members and the two or three Scottish and Irish members of the club. It may have been this that somehow suggested the following bit of Thackeray's talk with me:

"D'ye know," he said, "that, though I can describe an Irishman perfectly, I never could describe a Scotchman?"

I reminded him of Mr. Binnie.

"Oh," he said, "that's not what I mean; that's a mere facsimile of a man I know, a mere description from life. But what I mean is, I couldn't invent a Scotchman. I should go wrong. But, oh, I'm quite at home with the Irish character."

With a Satirical Streak.

French tact is proverbial. A rather tiresome marquis came up yawning to the Prince de Ligne of the court of Louis XVI.

"That was exactly what I was going to say to you," observed the prince suavely.

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Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 353, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree at meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third; and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 147, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WHITNEY, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns, Irish.

J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.
F. C. GIFFORD, M. W.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 8, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. S. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. R. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 29, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORENOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.
A. A. ABBEY, S.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish-Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month, at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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The New Boss.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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"YOU can't always tell what's in a bundle by the look of the wrapper."

The old man had found a seat upon a fallen tree that lay upon a sunny hillside and was carefully smoothing and shaping a cane he had cut near by. He held it up as he spoke and let his eye run along its length as if to discover its irregularities, but his gaze wandered quite beyond the stick to the valley and river below, where stood the great mill, with its tall, blackened chimneys and massive walls.

"No, sir, you can't always tell by the looks of a bundle what's inside of it," he repeated more emphatically. "And if folks would only understand it and stop tryin' 'twould save a deal of trouble. Now there's the Darlin'"—

"Darlin'?" the visitor repeated uncertainly.

"Oh, 'tain't the name of any kind of workman like the puddler or miller or such; it's just a name that's his. We give it when he first come here, twenty years and more ago. Things had been goin' pretty bad at the mill then—and stops and hitches of one kind or 'nother—and times gettin' worse for the men all the while.

"Mismanagement most of it was, or, leastways, we thought so. Old Keswick—he was the overseer here—was one of the shortsighted, savin' kind that would lose a dollar in tryin' to keep a penny. He'd pinch and screw and economize, as he called it, and let things go that ought to be tended to till at last some big break would sweep off in a day all his stinginess had saved in a year. There bein' such expenses was so high that wages ought to be cut a little lower.

"I don't need to tell you that there wasn't any love wasted between him and the men. They'd got discouraged and bitter and, sort of reckless-like, when all of a sudden Keswick dropped down in a dead faint in the mill and had to be carried home. That was the beginnin' of a long sickness that ended his work at the mill.

"The rest of the company bought out his interest, and he went off to Europe. We didn't know who would be sent to take charge then, but we sort of hoped 'twould be left in Jim Bryce's hands.

"There wasn't much reason to expect it, of course, but he was the man we wanted. Naturally after the way things had been goin' we thought one of ourselves, who'd feel some interest in his old mates, would be an improvement. Then one day down in the mornin' truth comes one of the company, lettin' with him a young feller—looked younger than he was, with his white skin, blue eyes and light curly

"'SUPERINTENDENT!' SAYS TOM CLARKSON."

hair like a girl's; that kind always does—that he said was the new superintendent.

"'Superintendent!' says Tom Clarkson as they passed by where he was workin'. 'That chap never superintended nothin' herrier than a bandbox in his born days.'

"Well, he didn't look like it, that's a fact. But the company owned the mill, you see, and this feller was one of their sort, and so into the place he goes, fine clothes, curly hair, white hands—and all. I b'lieve them—white hands made the boys madder than anything else. They was strong enough lookin', too, but white as a lady's.

"'Look at 'em!' says Tom, holdin' up his own rough, black paws to show the difference. 'If the company's bound to give him somethin' to do, why don't they buy him a pretty little planner and set him to playin' it? That's all he's fit for. He ought to be safe at home, mammy's darlin'.'

"So that was the name we got to callin' him, 'the Darlin'.' Not to his face, bless you, no! Them blue eyes could turn steel blue now and then and flash out sharp of a sudden like a knife blade.

"After awhile we found there were some experiments to be made—some invention of his—and that was one reason why he'd come here. We didn't like him any better after we found that, I can tell you, for we thought the company'd sink a lot more money in such nonsense. 'Twasn't our money, and so we hadn't no reason to grumble, you say? Well, there's two sides to that. There's two sides to most things if a body'll only take the trouble to look for 'em.

"Did you ever think how you'd feel to look down at your hands—big, strong and willin', but helpless to provide for them dependin' on you—and then see a pair of soft white hands carelessly wastin' what would be life to you and yours?

"That's how it looked to us. For times had been hard with us, and, as I told you, old Keswick had always calculated that the losses must be evened up on wages somehow.

"'And this feller, I'll be bound, he's never invented nothin' more useful than a new tie to his cravat!' says Jim Bryce. 'He'll fool away no end of money, and then either the mill will have to go down or wages will, and mine has got about to the foot of the ladder now.'

"'Oh, there's no doubt we'll go down unless some of his experiments blows him up. Wish they would!' answers Tom, only he put it rather uglier than that.

"Of course 'twas only talk, but the feelin' was under it, and after awhile from lippin' somethin' would happen the boys went a little further and got to plottin' how to make it happen.

"'I ain't goin' to tell much about my plot. I took care not to know much about it for fear I'd run across some time I'd feel bound to hinder, and I didn't want to hinder nothin', that's the fact. Only there was no murder nor nothin' like that in it; the men wasn't that kind—leastways, most of 'em wasn't.

"'No, we ain't a-goin' to hurt mammy's darlin'—bless his pretty little heart!—not 'less he gits in the way when he'd better be out of it,' says Tom, with a grin. 'But if the plaything he's so tickled over lest flies to flinders some day and the noise scares him so that he gives up and runs home it'll be the best thing for him and all the rest of us.'

"Seemed like nobody doubted he'd be easy scared, and so the whisperin' and black looks and secret meetin's went on.

"One day in summer a box was brought into the room where we worked. I shall always remember that day, just how everything looked. It had been a bright, warm mornin', but about noon it clouded up slowly, and every breath of wind died away. Not a leaf moved on the trees.

"Inside the mill everything looked darker and gloomier than usual in that queer gray light. Great piles of cast-in's threwed black shadows over the slippery floor; the long iron shafts was like hungry arms forever reachin' down and drawin' back empty, and from under the brick archway the round door of the furnace seemed glarin' out like a big red eye.

"Nothin' seemed to go that day the way folks had calculated. That miserable little box had no sooner been set down in the room than somebody called: 'Hist! Look out!' And there was Boss Darlin' comin' back from his dinner at an hour'ly hour when he's never been known to come before. He had a rose stuck in his buttonhole and looked like a dancin' master goin' to a party, as I heard Bob mutter as he slipped the box out of sight under a pile of stuff at the end of the room. They couldn't carry out their plan then, so there wasn't nothin' left for 'em but to hide it.

"The boss looked round kind of smilin' and pleasant-like. He'd got that model he was busy with about into workin' order, and he was wonderful pleased over it. And what did he do that day but have it brought into our room, because the weather havin' turned gloomy-like there was better light by a big window there. So there he stayed, fussin' over it, just as if he was on guard.

"Then it began to thunder, and there was a sudden dash of rain, so that Jim Bryce's little girl who had come down with his lunch basket wouldn't go home. Jim was a pieceworker and always said he could do twice as much work in an afternoon if he had a snack 'bout 3 o'clock.

"Jim looked sort of uneasy now and then when little Jinny'd get off to the back part of the room anyways nigh where that box was. But he couldn't say nothin', and maybe there wasn't any danger, only I was sure he didn't like her round there and was glad when she wandered off into the room beyond—a storeroom, where she was let stay sometimes while she waited for her father's basket.

"The storm grew heavier instead of lighter till we could hardly see to work. All at once there was a blindin' flash of light and a crash as if the whole earth was tearin' to pieces, and we all started and tumbled in every direction. The minute we could get our senses and look round we found that the whole end of the room was blowed off—and a gully plowed way down to the foundations like as if a bombshell had tore through.

"Beyond that ragged openin' the great brick wall was still standin', but we could see that it was swayin' and wavin' just ready to fall. I've never seen anything look so awful as that tremblin' wall did, for over on the other side of it run another buildin' where the finishin' rooms was and all hands at work.

"I s'pose the same thought struck us all at once—that the only hope for 'em was a peal of the bell that would send 'em all flyin' to the entrance at the far end of the buildin'. 'Twas in the old days, you see, before the new part of the mill was built or we had any alarm connection with all the rooms. There was only the big bell, and the rope to it was danglin' beside the tot boats' wall.

"You can't tell about such things as quick as they are in happenin'.

"The bell!' says somebody, but there wasn't a chance to say any more, for the boss sprang past us with just a word or two, short and quick, as he pushed us right and left.

"'Back, men, back! That is my place. You have families.'

"In a minute he was leapin' down over the piles of rubbish, and almost before we was sure what he was doin' for he had reached the place, and the white hands, aiping and grendy, had hold of the rope and was makin' the old bell shout danger if ever a bell did.

"We hardly stirred or breathed while we watched him, till he started downard us again. Then a long, shiverin' breath ran round the crowd.

"'I b'lieve he'd have made it to get out then if it hadn't been for little Jinny Bryce. That youngster was naturally scared nigh to death at the uproar, and, instead of stayin' where she was safe, what does she do but come creepin' out of the storeroom—it was off to the right, you understand, and considerable fore up, like ours—and try to make her way over the ruins to her father.

"THE MOVEMENT MADE HIM LOSE HIS FOOTIN'."

"The boss heard her cry, turned back like a dash and, catchin' her in his arms, began to climb over the rubbish piles again.

"'Catch her!' he called the minute he was near enough and tossed her over into her father's arms. But the movement made him lose his footin', and, though a dozen of us had our hands stretched out to catch him, he slipped and rolled back down among the dirt and stones.

"I s'pose it hadn't needed but the least little jar—or, maybe, it wasn't the jar at all—but, anyway, the next minute there was a crash, and the stoutest of us shut our eyes to keep out the sight. The wall was down, and he was under it.

"He was the only man about the mill that was hurt—badly, that is. Of course a few was struck with flyin' stones and hurt, in the crowd. But they'd got out alive, and the one that had saved 'em was buried under the ruins.

"That was a queer night. I don't remember when or how the storm stopped, but I shall always remember what a clear, starry night it was and how the fires that was kindled to light the workers flamed and danced, while the shadows lay black in the corners of the mill.

"How we worked at that pile of brick and mortar, one set takin' the place of another as soon as they was tired and as many workin' at once as the space would allow.

"Once goin' back to the mill to rest a bit I found Jim Bryce and Tom Clarkson a-carryin' that model that boss had been workin' over back into the office, where it would be safe, and they was liftin' it as tender as if 'twas a baby, and the tears runnin' over Jim's brown face all the while.

"'I'd give anything if I could jest git back to this mornin' again!' says Jim, with a groan. 'To think'—

"But he couldn't finish sayin' it, and it was best not. Most folks thought it was the lightnin' that had done all the damage, and the rest of us didn't know but the lightnin' might 'a' done it all, and that not bein' sure was the only comfortin' thing about it.

"No, he wasn't killed, after all, Darlin' wasn't. The piles of rubbish he had fallen between mostly saved him from bein' crushed. Everybody thought he was dead, and, even after we found him alive, it seemed for a long time as if he couldn't live. But he come round again at last and got back to the mill to finish up his invention.

"It was a success too. Yes, sir, that's what built up these mills the way they are now—the most flourishin' ones in this part of the country—and brought better times to every one workin' in 'em. That was what he was aimin' for all the time, only we didn't know it, and that was why he come here.

"That's his house over there, the big one on the hillside. He brought his wife here when he married and settled down among his mill folks.

"'Should think he'd be considerable used up by such an accident? Well, sir, I don't s'pose anybody can go through that sort of thing and come out jest exactly as they was when they went into it. But if you happen to meet Boss Darlin' and don't think he's good lookin' now, why, this valley wouldn't be a healthy place for you to mention it in."

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THE WORD "QUACK."

Its Origin Traced Back to the Sixteenth Century.

The original and acquired meanings of many an old word have been cleared up in the law courts. When "quack" had its turn, Sir Edward Clarke, who was probably quoting a dictionary, defined the word as "a boastful pretender to medical skill." "Quack" is undoubtedly derived by suggestion from the quacking of a duck. The quack doctor has always substituted volubility for knowledge. "Quacker" and "quacking cheat" were sixteenth century words. "Quack" in its present sense is certainly as old as 1600, when it was included in the earliest of our slang dictionaries. The original word was "quacksalver," a traveling empiric who quacked about his salves, and, according to Henley and Farmer, the dramatist Wycherly first shortened this word to "quack."

The full term, quack doctor, is found at least as early as 1710, when these words were used as a title to the Earl of Rochester's mountebank speech on Tower hill. This witty and profligate nobleman (he is always called witty and profligate) took it into his head to disappear from his friends and appear to the mob on Tower hill as a quack doctor. The speech he made on that occasion has been preserved, and it shows that quack oratory has gained nothing since.

It is not all printable in these polite pages, but the following passage will show its character:

"The cures I have done are as incredible as innumerable. I cured Prester John's godmother of a stupendous dolor in her os sacrum, which had like to cost the good lady the perdition of her tickle bone. I cur'd the Empress of Hoolmapo of a cramp she got in her tongue by eating pork and butter'd parsnips. I cur'd an alderman of Grand Cairo of a scarlet burning, raging fever, of which he dy'd. I cur'd the Emperor of Morocco, who lay seven years sick of the plague. I cur'd him in forty-two minutes, so that he danc'd the scrabrall, dildap and Somerset to the admiration of his whole court. For my pains he presented me with 6,000 Hungarian ducats and a Turkish cymeter. Verbum sat sapienti. No cure, no money."

I doubt very much whether Sir Edward Clarke was right in saying that the word "quack" was revived by Carlyle after it had died out. So useful a word is not likely to have been dropped, though in Carlyle's vocabulary of denunciation it certainly took on a new importance. It was from a court of law, by the way, that Carlyle obtained the word "gig," which, with ferocious glee, he never ceased to use as a symbol of smug respectability. The trial of Thurtell at Hertford assizes for the murder of Mr. Weare produced the following dialogue:

"What sort of person was Mr. Weare?"

"He was always a most respectable person."

"What do you mean by respectable?"

"He kept a gig."

Carlyle's sardonic humor seized on this, and ever after when he was stigmatizing at respectabilities and unrealities "gigs" were not far from his mind. He even applied the word "gigmanity" to those classes of society which held the "gig" ideal.—John O'London in London Tatler.

The Arab's Pride of Blood.

Of the Arab's pride a traveler writes: "He is proud of his own blood and of his mare's blood for its own sake. He will show you a broken down little crock and inform you, with perfect truth, that she is of the best blood in the Juzirah; he will also show a fine stallion of his own and tell you he is a 'gulish,' or underbred animal, and there is no doubt it is the half thoroughbred he admires and prefers to the finest made cross breed. As regards his shaykh and tribal leader, he discriminates in an equal degree between the clever warrior, astute diplomatist and good business man of low extraction and the shaykh of high lineage, who may be a miserable epileptical creature, and always to the disadvantage of the low born man."

Where He Would Have Shone.

Cardinal—Mezzofanti, who died in 1849, at the age of seventy-five years, knew and could speak more than fifty languages. And he knew them thoroughly. He could entertain his English friends with specimens of Yorkshire dialect and his French or German visitors with the patois of their respective countries. "What a fine job he could have had as a universal interpreter should he have lived in the times of the tower of Babel!" was one of Lord Byron's caustic remarks.—Argonaut.

A New Leaf.

"I've just been thinking," said Willieboy.

"Thinking what?" demanded Stillman, to whom the idea of Willieboy's thinking was somewhat disconcerting.

"That in Adam's case it must have been a real re-leaf to change his clothes," said Willieboy.—Harper's Weekly.

For One's Own Comfort.

Half the sting of poverty or small means is gone when one keeps house for one's own comfort and not for the comment of one's neighbors.—Dinah Maria Mulock.

Fooling the Cook.

"Your cook is telling that your husband gets a very small salary."

"We just tell her that to keep her from demanding a large one."—Houston Post.

Each man judges things by his own conditions. No sunrise looks alike to any two men.—Manchester Union.

SPURIOUS ANTIQUES.

Many Forgeries Clever Enough to Deceive the Experts.

In the manufacture of antiquities the forger shows an ingenuity that is unlimited. Furniture, prints, china, pictures, plate, armor, ivory, bronze, tapestry—all are most successfully imitated. Many such imitations are, it is true, clumsy enough, but a great many deceive even the initiated. The experts of national museums have been imposed upon more than once.

The British museum bought a Palissy plate for $250. While an attendant was handling it one of the seals attached to its back, attesting its genuineness, became detached, disclosing the mark of a modern French potter. Terra cotta figures of Isis and Osiris, bought by the same institution for thousands of dollars, were discovered to be composed of modern clay. There is one forger of antiquities whose specialty is old leather jacks; another produces horn books; still another turns out mediæval manuscripts; a fourth, clerical vestments of the middle ages, and so on.

An expert of the Smithsonian institution was called upon not long ago to pass upon a specimen of a mummy servant, or effigy, in a plastic material, such as the Egyptians buried with their dead. Close examination proved it to be made of putty. It was a very clever forgery.

Count Tyszkowicz, a noted judge and collector of antiquities, gives some interesting details of the forgeries that have been attempted from the earliest times. No metal lent itself so easily to this work as gold. Etruscan jewelry has been largely manufactured in Italy, but Syria has carried on the most extensive forgery of gold works of art. Forgeries in silver have been less successful.

A good story is told of a forged silver cup in Rome that purported to have come from some secret excavation in Sicily. This "ancient" cup was ornamented with a circular bas-relief representing the frieze of the Parthenon. In the height of his innocence the forger had given the frieze in its present ruined condition. The cup obtained an immediate success—shouts of laughter.—St. Louis Republic.

CORNMEAL.

Varied Joys of This Rich and Versatile Product.

But cornmeal is such a rich and versatile product that it lends itself to all days and all meals. For breakfast it can be turned into butter cakes light and luscious, or into waffles that melt in one's mouth, or into muffins which take on new sweetness in their tin boundaries, or you can have your corn in the shape of grits, yellow with butter and of happy digestibility.

Then for dinner there is the corn pone, large, brown and hot from the oven, ready to be seasoned with a sauce of butter and washed down with freshly churned buttermilk, with an accompaniment of cabbage or collards or turnip salad or new snap beans. If for any reason the corn pone is not desirable, though the farmer cannot imagine anything that can take its place with a healthy and an expectant appetite, there are the dumplings to fall back on, the dumplings boiled with a mess of greens. This dish is a time and space saver, and there is also a butter saver. The dumplings should never by any chance be allowed to grow cold before serving. For supper there is the hoecake, which should be of a generous thickness, and it should be eaten with gravy distilled from the juices of a country cured ham, or, if you please, a dish of mush and milk. And then, the day's work being over and done with, the tired man or woman and the children, weary with play, may fall on their couches and forget in sweet and dreamless slumber the grisly troubles of the world.—Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus Magazine.

An Overdight.

When Chapple got up the other morning he wandered around his apartments in his pretty pink pajamas, the very picture of woe.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired his valet.

"I don't know, Alphonse," he groaned. "I passed a most unhappy night."

Alphonse looked him over carefully.

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "I know what was the matter. The trouserines of your pajamas were not creased. You must be more careful, sir. Those I had prepared for you were hanging across the foot of the bed."—Bohemian.

Her Compliment.

It is the aim of Mrs. Hall to compliment her friends on every possible occasion, yet, strange to say, she does not always please them.

"Did you like my gown at the reception the other evening?" asked an acquaintance, and Mrs. Hall was ready with her beaming smile.

"My dear," she said, with a cordial pressure of the hand, "it was a dream! You looked lovely! I said to my husband, 'Is that—no, it can't be'—and then I saw it was. But, do you know, I scarcely recognized you."

Clever Woman.

She—Don't you think a woman is clever enough to do any work that a man can? He—She's smarter than that. Why, she's clever enough to make the man do the work and give her the benefit of it.—London Telegraph.

Not Lazy.

"And you say the public can be separated from its money?"

"Without effort."

"Oh, I am perfectly willing to expend some effort, providing the trick can be done."—Washington Herald.

SCRATCHING FOR SAFETY.

An Instance of Finding Fun in the Midst of Disaster.

The laugh often comes in the very face of danger. Privations and perils cannot check the response to the comical. An instance of finding fun in the midst of disaster is told by Captain T. C. Morton in the "Southern Historical Papers." The Confederate picket line was stationed on a sandy bottom near a creek.

John Ford, one of the men on duty, was very plucky. He was seated near an uprooted tree and could be plainly seen by all his company. Suddenly a large mortar shell fell, unexploded, in the sand about four feet from him, the fuse smoking and sputtering.

John took in the situation at a glance. He argued to himself that the shell would burst before he could get up and run away, so that the safest thing he could do would be to get into the ground as fast as possible. With the utmost rapidity he began to work down into the sand with hands, feet and head. The men watched the proceedings, shouting:

"Scratch, John, scratch! She's going off!"

It was an exciting spectacle. Never was a man more in earnest. The sand all about was in commotion, and in the few seconds the sizzing fuse gave him John burrowed like a great gopher till nothing but the hump of his back was visible as the loose sand settled above him.

The explosion came with a tremendous jar, which shook the ground and sent hundreds of pieces of iron singing through the air. Every one held his breath, expecting to see poor John blown into atoms. When the smoke and dust blew away it was seen that Ford's head was still on his shoulders. He looked cautiously up and, seeing all was right, sang out, a hearty "Whoo-ee!" as cheerily as if he had treed a coon instead of having been face to face with death. A cheer and a laugh ran all along the line.

INGENIOUS CIPHER.

The Letter That Brought Freedom to Sir John Trevanion.

During the great rebellion Sir John Trevanion, a distinguished cavalier, was made prisoner and locked up in Colchester castle. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle had just been made examples of as a warning to "malignants," and Trevanion had every reason to expect a similar end. As he awaited his doom he was startled by the entrance of the jailer, who handed him a letter.

"May't do thee good," growled the fellow. "It has been well looked to before it was permitted to come to you."

Sir John took the letter, and the jailer left him his lamp by which to read it.

Worthie Sir John,—Hope, that is ye best comfort of ye afflicted, cannot much I fear me, help you now. That I would say to you, is this only: If ever I may be able to requite that I do owe you, stand not upon asking of me. 'Tis not much I can do; but what I can do, ye thou verie sure I will, I knowe that, if dethe comes, if ordinary men fear it, it frights not you, accounting it for a high honour, to have such a rewarde of your loyalty. Pray yet that you may be spared this sor bitter cup. We pray that you may be. I fear not that you will grudge any sufferings. Only if ble submission you can turn them away, 'tis the part of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, to do for you any thinge that you wolde have done. The general goes back on Wednesday. Restinge your servant to command.—R. T.

Now, this letter was written according to a preconcerted cipher. Every third letter after a stop was to tell. In this way Sir John made out, "Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following evening the prisoner begged to be allowed to pass an hour of private devotion in the chapel. By means of a bribe this was accomplished. Before the hour had expired the chapel was empty. The bird had flown.—London Tit-Bits.

A Quick Retort.

Tennessee bred two great orators in the olden days—Andrew Johnson, a Democrat, once president of the United States, and Gustavus A. Henry, a Whig, known as the "Eagle Orator of the South." They ran against each other for governor, and when a long series of joint debates had reached its close Johnson addressed the Whigs in the audience, "I have spoken with the boasted eagle orator from the Mississippi river to the Unaka mountains, and as yet I see no flesh in his talons nor blood on his beak." Quick as a flash Henry was on his feet, saying, "The American eagle is a proud bird and feeds not on carrion."

Birds' Muscular Power.

Birds are possessed of enormous muscular power, far exceeding in some cases that of any other warm blooded creature. There is an instance on record of an eagle weighing no more than fourteen pounds lifting and carrying off a young pig which weighed no less than forty-two pounds. How many men could even stagger along the ground carrying three times their own weight in their hands? The kick of an ostrich is a fearsome thing. It will break a man's thigh or even the leg of a horse.—Exchange.

When on Tour.

Papa—Ah, my boy, the old days were the best! Then we did our courting, walking in the country lanes, gathering buttercups and daisies.

Son—Why, pop! We go courting in the country lanes just the same today, only instead of walking we go in autos and instead of gathering daisies we gather momentum.—Town and Country.

Not His Say.

Beggs—What do you say to your wife when you come home late at night?

Jaggs—Foolish man! What makes you think I get a chance to talk?

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Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing Opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels, contains no Opiates.

AN UNBEATEN CUTTER

The Daring Was the Fastest Racer in Our Navy.

HER MOST FAMOUS VICTORY.

It Was Over the Cross of the Iron Duke, a British Man-of-war, and Was Decisive—Why the American Band Played the British National Air.

The fastest racing boat that ever brought shekels and glory to the American navy or to any other, for that matter, was the cutter Daring.

When she went down with the Vandalia in the great storm which sank almost every vessel in the harbor of Samoa she left behind her an unbroken record of victories.

None of these was more sensational than the one she easily plucked from a crew of the Iron Duke when the Daring was attached to the Wisconsin, then on the Asiatic station. Appropriately enough, the crushing defeat was administered in centennial year, 1876, and it was the more significant because the English boat had given the challenge and had fairly rushed upon its fate.

When a bluejacket wants a race he goes about it in his own peculiar fashion. He doesn't write out a challenge and send it with due formalities. He does not appoint a committee to extend it. He does not "post notice in a conspicuous place."

He simply lowers his boat, climbs into it to the number of twelve or fourteen, pulls toward the ship whose crew he wants to race, tosses his oars as he comes under her bow, and there you are. The challenge has been given in the sight of the whole harbor.

This sort of invitation doesn't mean that the other crew is to hustle into its boat for a race right then and there. On the contrary, there is a lot of preliminary work yet to be done, much of it being of a strictly financial nature.

Thousands of dollars change hands over these races. The officers themselves are generally ready to back the honor of their own ship with substantial proof of their loyalty.

As for the average sailor man, he digs up every cent he can rake and scrape. As a winner of these shekels the Daring, as before mentioned, is of blessed memory, except to her rivals.

Of these latter none was more confident than the Iron Duke crew. The Wisconsin was already at anchor when the British vessel came into the harbor one fine day, her advent being greeted with the usual attention every newcomer commands.

She hadn't been in very long before she lowered a boat. The men on the Wisconsin idly watched. They continued to observe, but without much concern, as the British cutter was pulled toward the Wisconsin, heading across her bows.

Then the unexpected happened. To the surprise and intense delight of the Americans, up went the British oars, and a little thrill of excitement swept the widening ripple around the harbor. A challenge had been given. A race was to come.

And it was a race that meant a whole lot more than a mere contest between two crews. It involved a contested principle of boat building.

The British believed in a substantial, seaworthy, solid craft. The Americans made their cutters lighter and more graceful, contending at the same time that the fine lines which made their boats beautiful did not make them the less seaworthy.

The day for the race was set, a course of three and a half miles designated and the wagers piled up on both sides. But when the day came there was a high wind, making the going so rough that the Americans, thinking that it wouldn't be a pretty race, proposed putting it off.

Not much! The British thought they saw through the proposal. They imagined the Americans were afraid, and they saw a glorious opportunity to prove their wisdom in sacrificing beauty to seaworthiness. They were as firm as nobody but an Englishman can be. The race must go on.

And it did. You bet it did! And the Daring came skimming in a whole half mile ahead—a half mile, if you please.

While the Iron Duke's crew were plugging through the waves by main force the Daring cut across them and over them like the thing of delight she was. And, while she was as dry as a parlor car, the Iron Dukers were bailing to keep themselves afloat.

Well, you can imagine whether there was joy aboard the Wisconsin. But the officers could afford to be generous in victory, so the band was ordered to play "God Save the Queen."

A British naval officer was standing with an American officer on shore watching the finish, and when the band struck up he turned to the American in bewilderment.

"That's funny!" he said. "Your boat comes in ahead, and yet they're playing 'God Save the Queen.' I don't understand."

"Well," said the American, "if God won't save the queen now she might as well give up. Nothing earthly can."

The Daring was built at New York about 1871 and was so far superior to the boats she competed with that another cutter was constructed on very much the same lines, but with what were thought to be some improvements. She was called the Magic, and, next to the Daring, she was the best racing boat in the navy. But up to the time of her loss the older boat was unbeaten even by her newer rival.—Washington Post.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $8 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Wanted—A good farmer to work the Larabee farm on shares. Inquire of D. U. Young, Smethport, Pa.

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THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

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Saturday, Jan. 18, ENDING Saturday, Feb. 1, '08

SALE STARTS AT 9 O'CLOCK A. M.

This Annual Sale coming the latter part of January has its benefits for both purchasers and for us. Resson—the year closing Dec. 31, 1907, was the most successful year in the history of our business, and consequently we have handled more goods than in years previous. We also have left a very complete showing of seasonable goods. This is the cause of each purchaser reaping a special harvest this year from their purchases. Small lots will be cut so low as to be almost gifts. Every broken lot or small piece—perfect goods, but now in the way—will be priced for quick selling. Each department will contribute its share of seasonable goods to this sale and hold until present stock is exhausted. Remember the opening day and arrange to be there that day.

4 pieces 12 and 15c Curtain nets, clearing at.....8c
10 pieces all linen, brown crash, 15 inch, at.....7c
2 pieces 17 in. all linen bleached Crash at.....10c
4 pieces linen gloss towelings, blue and black check..10c

Outing Flannel

11 and 12c Outing Flannel, while they last.....10c
8c Outing, mostly dark at.....6c

Gloves

1 lot 45 and 50c Ladies' Gloves.....19c
1 lot 50c Gloves, lamb's wool.....38c
1 lot Kid Gloves, $1.00 to $1.50, black and colors.....69c

Belts

Assortment of regular 75, 50 and 25c in 1 lot at.....19c
Another lot, special ass'tm't..48c

Ribbons

Remnants mostly. Short pcs. left from holiday selling, marked for you to buy at sight. Some long, some short lengths. All cheap.

Stationery

100 boxes writing paper and envelopes, put up expressly for The Lindholm Co.....10c

Silks

Short lengths at ½ off.
27-in. Black Taffeta Silk, $1.00 quality.....89c
Special $1.25 quality, 30-in. Black Taffeta Silk.....1.00

Handkerchiefs

12½ and 15c Ladies' Handkerchiefs, clearing at 10c, $1.10 doz.
25c Hdkfs. a nice assortment, clearing price.....19c
Special white hemstitched Hdkfs. at.....2c

Notions

Pearl Buttons, doz.....1c
Spool Cotton, 200 spools, slightly damaged, spool.....2c

Collars, fancy box, one in box.....25c
Collars, fancy box, one in box.....50c
Pillow Tops, 25, 39, 50 and 75c Tops, some slightly soiled.....19c
Canfield's Dress Shields, pr....5c
1 lot Hooks & Eyes, card.....1c
1 lot Back Combs, 39, 50 and 75c combs.....29c
Men's Woolen Shirts at $1.50 and $2.00, blue, gray, brown.

Carpets

2 pieces Pro. Brussels Carpet, 75c grade at.....40c

Rugs

27x54 Brussels Rugs, $2.00, clearing.....1.48
9x12 room size rugs, Pro. Brussels.....10.00
Tapestry.....16.55 & 17.50

Rubber Door Mats

Another shipment of those "Sanitary" door mats. Wear longest and are best, $1.50, at.....98c

Linoleums

1 piece Potters Linoleum, while it lasts, sq. yd.....15c
Linoleum Remnants, 65 and 75c quality, sq. yd.....50c

Cloaks and Suits and Skirts

18 Ladies' Dress Skirts, black, grey, tan and mixtures, selling from $6.00 to $11.00, in one lot.....4.48

COATS

8 Coats—
1 Plaid, 38.....$15.00
1 Ox Gray, 36.....15.75
1 Black, 34.....9.00
2 Brown 34 & 36.....9.00
1 Brown, 34.....14.00
1 Plaid, 36.....10.50
1 Grey, 36.....15.75
Any of the above Coats, clearing sale.....7.00
1 Coat, black, 36, was $24.00 now.....12.00
1 Rain Coat, size 36, light, 18.50.....10.50
1 Rain Coat, size 38, $22.00, Oxford Grey.....15.00

SUITS

1 Black Suit, size 38, $32.00, at one half.....16.00
1 Black Suit, size 36, $15.00, at one half.....7.50
1 Suit Olive Green, size 34, $15.00, one-half price.....7.50
1 Suit mixed grey, size 34, $16.50.....8.25

CHILDREN'S COATS

Infants' Bear Skin Coats, white only, $2.48 kind, clearing.....1.75
½ off on your choice of our Misses' and Children's Coats during this sale. None reserved. All must go.

FURS! FURS!

The balance of our line of Fur Boas at ½ off. Ask for these in the Coat Dept.

Linings

Several pieces slightly soiled. Marked just ONE-HALF.

Umbrellas

Special line, ladies' 26 in. Umbrella, fancy handles, extra value.....$1.00

Hose

Men's Wool Fancy Hose, 25c grade.....19c
The Famous "Bear Skin" Hose for boys.....15c

Shirts

Men's 50c Shirts, light colors, closing.....38c

Mattings

Short lengths and small rolls at a saving of almost ½ in price for this sale only. Short ends must go.

Dress Goods

1 piece 44 in. Black Mohair, $1.00, clearing price.....75c
Brown, blue, red Cassimere, 30c, clearing at.....22c
3 pieces Rain Proof Goods, 56 in. wide, was $1.35.....98c

Table Linen

50c special Damask.....39c
$1.39 special Damask.....1.19
Mill ends, bleached 59c grade, all linen, 2½ and 3 yds.....45c
Mill ends, unbleached, 89c, all linen, 2, 2½, 3 yd., clearing price.....75c

White Waistings

3 pieces White Waistings, 15c, now, yd.....12c
3 pieces, 18 & 20c, now, yd...15c
4 pieces, 25 & 30c, now, yd...20c

Sweaters

⅓ off on all Ladies' Men's and Boy's Sweaters in stock. This is a great saving and you should provide for future needs.

Petticoats

Special Heatherbloom, always sell $2.50 to $3.00...$2.00
Mercerized Sateen, black only, $1.75, at.....1.39
Light colored, assorted.....98c

Hand Bags

Special line 50 and 75c Bags and Purses, clearing price.....43c
$1.25 to $2.00, clearing price, 98c

Muslins

"Atlantic" unbleached, at.....9c
"Pride" bleached, at.....10c
20 yds. to customer while present stock lasts.

Lace and Ruffled Curtains

Lace Curtain 69c, at, pr.....55c
Lace Curtain 75c, at, pr.....63c
Lace Curtain 48c, at, pr.....33c
Special line odd pair.....98c
Ruffled linen, 50 to 75c at, pr. 43c

Bath Robe Blankets

A number or patterns left from holiday selling at just one-half.

Shoes

Clearing sale lot, Queen Quality Shoes, $3.50 grade.....$2.10
Odd lots of Children's Shoes at a saving of 25 per cent. from old price, 25 per cent.

Caps

Men's and Boys' Winter Caps, 50c to 75c lines, clearing price.....43c

"Maish" Comforts

At $1.65, $2.00, $2.50, $3.25 and $4.00 each.
Sleep warm! And you can do it under "Maish" Comforts.

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